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TAKE CARE



FRESH SALT

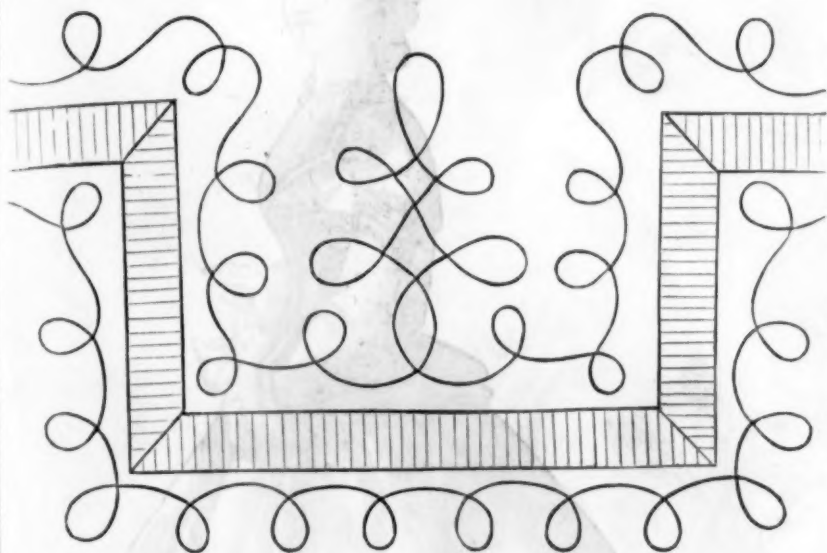


THE GARDEN



"FRESH SALT."





BRAIDING PATTERNS.



SPRING DRESS.

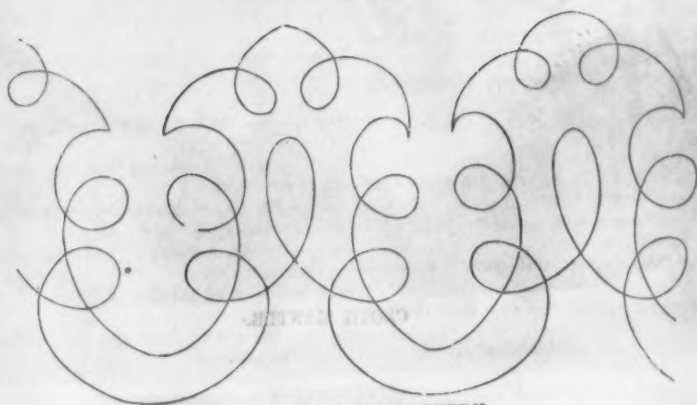
Cuir-colored Alpaca dress, trimmed with rows of black Alpaca braid. The corsage is made with deep jockey at the back.



CLOTH MANTLE.



CAP.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

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ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1863.

"Just as if no Christ had Died."

BY MRS. ELIZA H. BARKER.

In a wide and scorched savanna, thro' a burning
summer day,
Thousands of our bleeding soldiers from the battle's
conflict lay.

Five young hearts had ceased their beating, brows
in manhood's prime were low,
Pallid faces drawn with anguish, strong hands sev-
ered by the foe—

All in silent horror resting, victor, vanquished, side
by side,
With no holy rites of burial—Just as if no Christ
had died.

Then the full moon rose in splendor, o'er that field
of ghastly dead,
A little mound reclining lay a young and gentle
head;

Twenty summers had not stolen from his cheek the
boyish bloom,
And the spring-time of his manhood had not lost
its fresh perfume;

How he lay a mangled martyr, with no comrade at
his side,
With no friend in earth or Heaven—Just as if no
Christ had died.

Softly with its gentle kisses came the night-wind
on his hair,
Lifting up the gory masses, laying the white fore-
head bare;

Was a mother's soul that sent it, for in midnight
watches came,
Her aching eyes the vision of a battle field of
flame,

And her boy lay pale and bleeding, with no com-
rade at his side,
Who had been her prayers and weeping—Just as
if no Christ had died.

Thro' the torrid days the wounded, maimed, and
mutilated, lie,
(Corsees piled above, around them,) sick and lone
unheeded die—

Not a drop of grateful water to the parching lips
may come,
Nought is heard afar in distance but the slow re-
treating drum,

And the trains of ambulances slowly moving side
by side,
Laden all with human anguish—Just as if no
Christ had died.

Now another day has risen, still the maimed are
helpless there,
And the fetid dead are sending poison-vapors thro'
the air,

And the sick and limbless soldiers shout in agony—
in vain—
Men who left your wives and mothers ye will never
meet again,

And the sun goes down in glory on the dying, side
by side,
Forsaken both by Earth and Heaven—Just as if no
Christ had died.

O'er the land, in every hamlet, wails are on the
moaning air,
Every hearth has lost a loved one, who will fill the
empty chair?

And the Fiend of War is rushing on his wild steed
fierce and fast,
And his trumpets shrieking clamor, echoes on the
midnight blast—

And the Angels all have left us, in our sin, and to
our pride,
And the Heavens are closed upon us—Just as if no
Christ had died.

Woman, thou art nearer Heaven, rear our household
altars now,

Pile on them the nation's sorrow, be the weeping
Priestess thou:
Gather thou the broken-hearted—hoary sires, too
proud to wail,
Mothers, daughters, pallid statues, orphan chil-
dren, thin and pale;
Widows desolate and pining, none to succor, none
to guide,
With no friend in Earth or Heaven—Just as if no
Christ had died.

Dreary homes which love had lighted, gone is all
your sunshine now,
What to you the victor's triumph? What the
wreath that binds his brow?
Blighted hearts, whose desolation none can ever
soothe or share,
Earth's to you a darkened horror, let your agony
be prayer—
Let the Sacrifice of Sorrow ope the gates of Mercy
wide,
Give us Peace, Oh! Lord of Nations!—Let not
Christ in vain have died.

BEAVER, PA.

Ralph Hoag's Cure.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Was you speaking to me?"

"Yes, sir; I was. Come here."

"Well, sir."

"Don't you *well* me, young man," said Mr. Hoag, in a rage, bending a withering look upon the handsome boy before him. Then clenching his right hand, sinking the nails into the palm (he had a habit of doing that when very much excited—one of those involuntary habits so easily taken up, and which we all find so difficult to lay aside), and drawing his erect figure up still more stiffly as he continued—

"Sit down there. Your conduct of late has been disgraceful; disgraceful in the extreme."

"Disgraceful, father?"

"I warn you not to repeat my words."

"My dear father!"

"Stop, stop! Don't you *my dear* me, Ralph. I say you are a blot upon the family; you, my oldest, with everything to encourage you; to elevate you; to make you a respectable man. Whether it was books, clothes, or pocket-money (and you certainly had your share of the last), you had whatever you wanted. Your horse, and your fashionable amusements, till you squandered more in an hour than I

ever spent in a *week* when I was your age. And then, as if that were not bad enough, you top the whole by making a beast of yourself!" I say," exclaimed Mr. Hoag, in a still louder tone, "you have been making a *beast* of yourself!" Then extending his arm towards the culprit, he added in a hissing tone, "I could wish in my heart you had never been born."

The boy, who till now had sat like one stupefied under the torrent of reproaches hurled upon him, suddenly rose, and looked at his father in a strange, half frightened way. The father still regarded him with the repelling, we had almost said scornful gaze that had gradually settled upon his face, while uttering his stinging rebuke.

"Well, father!"

"Well, sir!" interrupted the father, with biting sarcasm.

"I am listening."

"See that you do. Now, sir, I want you to understand me. Hereafter you are to devote your *whole* time to your studies, to the desk, or"—the father paused a moment, then resumed in dead level tones,—"or else you leave my house. Those are my terms. Your mother is not here to cloak your villainy."

"I am not a villain," replied the boy, hotly. "I know I have done wrong; but"

"Silence! not a word. I am tempted to disown you this moment."

"I will save you the trouble. I will relieve you of my presence." And ere Mr. Hoag could prevent him, Ralph advanced to the door, opened it hastily and rushed out of the room; but only to stagger against Mrs. Hoag who was standing near the entrance, and whose frantic cry, "O! Ralph, *Ralph, Ralph!*" brought a dash of blinding tears to his eyes. She held him in her arms, sobbing, when the door was again opened, and Mr. Hoag came out with a stern, relentless countenance.

"Martha! let him go."

That was sufficient; the mother's arms fell heavily; but her tears only fell the faster. She clasped her hands involuntarily as she leaned slightly towards the stern face; but never ventured to look up as she murmured—

"Only this once, Samuel."

"No! not this once, even, *Martha!*"

The last was uttered in a sharp, commanding tone, as the frantic mother reached out her arms to her boy, who now stood surveying his father calmly with wet, but flashing eyes. The mother's voice broke out in a low wail, she sank into a seat and covered her face with her hands. One, and only one look did Ralph

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dare to give her; his last was hazarded at his father as he half sidled, half backed out of the hall; it was an unnatural look, and one that haunted the father many years afterwards—the next moment the door closed between Ralph Hoag and all that was dear to him. Did I say dear? I should have added and to all that was holy; for few boys revered their mothers as Ralph Hoag revered his.

The door closed with a bang; an ominous bang that sent a chill to his heart. He paused one moment as he thought of the friends he would encounter in going down the street; then fixing his nervous hands deep in his coat pockets, and compressing his lips he descended the steps rapidly and walked away, with that strange expression upon his face which was so deeply impressed upon his father's memory, never to be effaced; an expression of intense pride and scorn such as you have seen given to Lucifer by the old masters.

CHAPTER II.

"How you shock us! That was a terrible scene, and *hardly* natural. Such things *surely* must be rare indeed!—such an unnatural father, and such a *wretched* temper! Come, give us something more like *nature*, now!"

I beg your pardon, reader. Then you have never witnessed these displays of temper. And you cannot recall, just now, the memory of any one who left his or her father's roof on account of a quarrel? Ah! you do remember that frightful case the other day, where a young man was found dead in a barn, suspended by a piece of rope which he had taken from his little brother's sled. And you *were* very much shocked then, and you felt nervous all that day, and inexpressibly sad. Yes, and now you are thinking of that terrible occurrence we all talked so much about only a month ago, when that young girl threw herself from the suspension bridge, "in a fit of mental derangement," it was said, "brought on by family troubles." You think, after all, that such things *do* sometimes occur.

Reader, pray that they may never occur with you.

The door closed upon Ralph Hoag with an ominous bang. Mrs. Hoag sat weeping silently. Mr. Hoag returned to the sitting-room, and flung himself into a chair, then got up to look for a valuable document; then went as if to lift his hat, but changing his mind again, walked to his private desk, and rummaged among his papers, while Mrs. Hoag continued

to cry silently in the hall. And while she is crying there, I will go back a few years, to the time when Ralph Hoag was a mere child, and Mrs. Hoag a comparatively happy mother. She had only discovered that her husband, a man of spotless reputation and possessing decided talent, was also the possessor of an ungovernable temper. When her mother was living, Mr. Hoag never exhibited this quite so plainly. There was occasionally a cloud in the sky—a mere cat's paw on the surface of the water. But after the demise of his mother-in-law, Mr. Hoag's manner underwent a change. This was exhibited in a striking manner one day, about a very trifling matter—the matter of a shirt button. When his wife failed to reply to his remark promptly, he threw the garment upon the floor, and angrily demanded another, that could claim at least *one* button. Afterwards, he relieved his mind by rebuking his wife for her *slothful* neglect, and stalked out of the house, regardless of his child's innocent attempts to attract his attention. A trifle, and one that he soon forgot, for he had the grace to apologize for his harshness afterwards. But that was the beginning of the bad temper.

When his business and family increased, the former absorbed his mind to the utter neglect of the latter, as is commonly the case. His children's gambols worried him; their noise interfered with his nice calculations. He wished they were machines, and could be wound up in such a way as to be let down into his presence only at meal time, on Sundays, and certain set occasions. Not that he ever expressed himself thus; only his *manner* always indicated the thought. Nor was he without affection. Mr. Hoag loved his wife and his children—after a fashion. He was always spoken of as an "excellent provider." He was candid, straight-forward and honest in business; latterly, an elder in the church, which his energy and stubborn perseverance had freed from a debt that had well nigh toppled it over; "a man of wealth and liberality," it was said in the city of P——, which boasted of its towering church spires and towering Christianity.

But his love for his children! That was always a marvel to me—I had almost said problem! To Mrs. Hoag was left the care of the family, Mr. Hoag doubtless deeming *his* share done, when a handful of money was left in his wife's palm "to buy toys, playthings, books, or anything the children wanted, from a kite to a rocking-horse." As for him, he

had "no patience" with children; they were always in the way. [Reader, mark well the parent, man or woman, whose conduct and language exhibits want of cordiality—of sympathy with children—with their sports and griefs. There is something radically wrong when the heart fails to respond to the glee of an innocent child; it is no sign of a healthy heart-beat when even a child's sorrow is passed over lightly or unheeded.]

To be brief, Mr. Hoag forgot his own children while attending to a growing business, and the state of society in—the Oquiza Islands, I think; however, the name is of no importance. But the morals of those Islanders shocked Mr. Hoag to that degree that he prepared an Address to the Benevolent-Minded of P—— on the subject, and expended at least five hundred dollars in the attempt to ameliorate the condition of the poor people, while Ralph, his oldest child, a boy of eleven, excelled all others of his age in P—— in turning somersaults and hand-springs, after the manner of successful tumblers in the circus.

When Ralph turned fifteen, his father desired him to give a "little time" to the store; but the time devoted to business was so very "little," that it might be said, as Mr. Hoag's senior clerk expressed it, "hardly worth reckoning up." For Ralph was very fond of amusement, and having an abundance of pocket money, he managed to enjoy himself famously, as young men frequently do in similar circumstances. And then he was very fond of books (of which he had a fine collection) and of music. To his mother he was all submission and tenderness; he revered her slightest wish. But he never hazarded a freedom with his father—never could be himself in his father's presence, even so little as to laugh naturally, feeling a want of sympathy on his father's part. Of course, there were times when a word of admonishment was not unnecessary; but at such times, the manner of Mr. Hoag was so stern and repelling, that Mrs. Hoag, fearing the bad effect of such reproofs, naturally strove, with all a mother's arts, to prevent their recurrence. Once, and only once, did she regret her action: When seeking to draw Mr. Hoag's attention upon herself, and thereby drawing it from her son, she unwittingly added fuel to the flame. Her husband's wrath was violent, and wholly unrestrained. Afterwards, when they were alone, he expressed himself pointedly in reference to what he termed her unwarrantable interference.

But to come to the cause of the quarrel which drove Ralph Hoag from his father's house. There was in P—— a celebrated fishing club, composed of forty members. Ralph Hoag was the youngest member of this club, and rumor said, one of the liveliest. Upon the occasion of their return to the city after a very successful trip, which occupied five days, seven of the party, Ralph Hoag among the number, indulged rather freely in wine. Coming through the city, the gay party desired some music, (it was at night, and near ten o'clock) and procuring some musical instruments, with Ralph Hoag leading off on the violin, the party drove to the club room, followed by a merry crowd of men and boys, who were attracted by the rare turn-out and the really good music. A harmless bit of fun as ever amused a ready audience. About eighteen of the club had been out, and now they were returning in two spring wagons, that containing the happy musicians, ahead. Not a rude remark, not an indecent action—simply hearty laughter, caught up and echoed by the idle crowd. It was even a question whether the music would not have been dispensed at as cheap a rate whether the wine had been consumed or not; there were many in that same party who loved a joke well enough to play for a time the organ grinder or wandering minstrel. Indeed, even Mr. Hoag deemed the affair so innocent that he was heard to laugh heartily as the party passed his door, and in reply to the remark of a gentleman with whom he was conversing (the Rev. Asa Hopewell, the pastor of a fashionable church), "Don't you think those young men have been drinking?" he said, "Perhaps so, but they appear to be enjoying themselves." It was not till noon on the following day that he learned that his son, Ralph Hoag, was one of the musicians. Then his *pride* probed him. That his son should lower himself before the public. He had almost forgotten that Ralph belonged to the club; but now—well, he would put a stop to it at once.

The reader has seen the sort of stopper he made.

CHAPTER III.

"My dear mistress, don't, now, because, do you know, I had a drama the other night, as by that same token I know it will all come right; so there's no need o' frettin' wan's self over it," said Nancy O'Neil, Mrs. Hoag's best "help," who, having a message for her mistress, found her sitting in the hall, with her

handkerchief soaking with tears. Miss Nancy was a shrewd observer, and arrived at the proper conclusion with the first glance.

"What do you want, Nancy?" said Mrs. Hoag, not daring to lift her head, lest the swollen eyes should be discovered.

"Mrs. Pritchard's man is here for those seeds; but it isn't that. I come to tell you that Mary Middleton is not expected to live many minutes. Susy called to me in the garden, and so I thought I would hurry and tell you, knowin' you would like to go in."

"Yes, I will go at once. It was very thoughtful of you, Nancy. There!" crushing back her tears with an effort, as she rose and went to her room, pausing a moment with averted face, to say—"tell the man to wait a few minutes—or, you will find the seed in the lumber room, I think, in a round box."

"Poor woman!" said Nancy O'Neil to herself, as she walked away thoughtfully—"it's little the world knows of *your* trials. Well, well! *some* hearts will be wrung sorely if this is to keep on; but then I often misdoubt if there be much *heart* about him, though I can't say but he seems a proper nice man, barrin' that he's so forgetful. He don't remember that he was a boy himself once—sure am I that that's the trouble this hour. A quarrel, likely—one of his lectures, an' Ralph's off in the sulks. Well, well, an' the boy so clever, an' as pleasant as a May morn, with his joke and winning way of askin' favors. It is never 'I want so an' so, *you* Nancy,' like that Tom Clark; but, 'Will you have the kindness, Nancy?' or, 'I'll be obliged to you for such a thing.'" And Miss O'Neil resumed her work, repeating—"Well, well indeed."

While her mistress bathed her eyes and forgot her own sorrow in the effort to console her nearest neighbor for the loss of her eldest daughter.

When she returned from the house of mourning, the overpowering thought that perhaps she had lost her eldest son, caused her tears to flow afresh. Mr. Hoag, who was in the room looking over his papers and pacing the room alternately, seeing her tears, remarked—

"Martha, I think you are worrying yourself needlessly, if you think that boy will remain away many days; that is not *my* opinion."

But his wife did not venture to reply, although she believed that 'that boy' would never darken her door again until the father came after him. Notwithstanding two hours had elapsed since the scene occurred, she felt

so nervous that she could not compose herself to work. The remainder of the afternoon she passed in her chamber. This was anything but agreeable to her husband, who felt that this was in some degree a reflection upon him; but for once he was wise enough to hold his peace.

The following day, about noon, Mrs. Hoag learned that her son had left the city early in the morning, after passing the night with an old chum. The news came through Nancy O'Neil's brother, a young carpenter, who was employed about the railroad depot, and who was the last to shake hands with the determined boy. The sorrowing mother immediately communicated the tidings to her husband. He listened quietly, merely replying, when she was through—

"Gone, is he? The obstinate boy! Well, Martha, he will be back before long."

Of what avail was pleading there? The mother could only weep and pray.

Six months rolled around before they heard from their son; at the end of that time, a relative of Mr. Hoag's visited P——, who brought the first information concerning Ralph's whereabouts. He had heard of Ralph casually, while passing through St. Louis, had called on him, and found him in a respectable house, occupying the position of cashier, at a barely living salary. Mr. Hoag's first thought was to go after him; but upon second thought, he concluded to write to him, and enclose a check for two or three hundred dollars, that the boy might pay any debts he had contracted, obtain such things as he might need, and return home immediately. In vain Mrs. Hoag urged him to go after him. She argued, that a boy who had managed to get along six months independent of their aid, would in all probability consider himself worth going after if his company was desired. Failing to move her husband from his purpose, she proposed going herself. To this her husband returned a positive and stern refusal. So the letter was mailed with the check, and Ralph Hoag was astonished one morning upon receiving two letters from his parents. To say that the boy was overjoyed, would fall far short of the exact truth. He wept blinding tears over his mother's letter, kissed it passionately, read and re-read it, and then opened his father's letter. But here a change came over him. Tears he shed, it is true; but they sprang not from the sweet well that overflowed when reading his mother's letter. Alas! no; they were bitter. The bank check lay unnoticed

before him as he gave the letter a second reading; and then, for the first time, he doubted his father's love. His thoughts were—

"If my father felt as my mother feels, he would not send me money—he would come after me. My father forgets that he closed his door against me. I am not so bad but I might be reclaimed; and—well, I *did* look for something different, when they found where I was. But no! I shall not go back. My poor, suffering mother! I am worse than a brute. I *know* it, still I cannot go back to P——."

And thus it happened that about the time Mr. Hoag expected his son home (we need not say that Mrs. Hoag was disappointed) a letter came instead, and in it the check. The letter was couched in very respectful language, with just the slightest dash of independence glimmering through it. He thanked his father for his kindness, but he was free from debt, with a very fair salary. There came another letter though, to Mrs. Hoag, which breathed nothing but love, filial tenderness, and regret for the "evil pride"—so the boy worded it—"which separated him from her whom he loved more than all the earth." Mrs. Hoag carried that letter in her bosom many days. Afterwards, when her son wrote regularly, that first letter was laid away carefully, to be taken up and re-read when her heart was more than usually moved by doubts and fears.

Mr. Hoag's refusal to go to his son was the great mistake of his life—a mistake that he perceived when it was too late to remedy the evil. To have his kindness rejected—his free forgiveness overlooked; and that, too, by the very person whose right to question his actions could not, in the nature of things, be permitted, even for a moment. Oh, really, he could not see but wrong *must* ensue, if he "gave in" to that stubborn boy. But when a year rolled around, and hints came to them of their son's irregular life, he became alarmed. Then he had to satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of the reports. To do this, he addressed a letter to an eminent lawyer of St. Louis, an intimate friend. The reply to that letter fairly stunned him. The conclusion, in particular, shocked the father inexpressibly.

"Perhaps there may be a mistake. The person named made his first appearance at the theatre about the beginning of February; and from yours it appears that your son was then engaged in the house of Throck & Co. However, I will make suitable inquiries at once. But I can state positively that he is not in the house last-mentioned, nor has

not been there during the last three months. Messrs. B—— & H——, I am sorry to say, did not evince a readiness to talk about him, from which I infer that your apprehensions are not wholly groundless."

With a groan of anguish, the father dropped the unwelcome letter on the floor, and covered his face with his hands, shedding tears for the first time in twenty years. He did not, however, lose much time in weeping; whatever his intentions were, he determined to carry them out immediately. Giving some necessary orders to his head clerk, he left the office hurriedly, walking swiftly home, where he met his wife attired as if for visiting. She paused at the door, turning to him, wistfully.

"I am going to St. Louis, Martha—will you see that my valise is packed? But, no; I may as well take a trunk."

"Is there anything wrong? What is it, Samuel?" inquired the wife, in a quivering voice. "You have had bad news! Is Ralph ill?—or—oh, Samuel!" And Mrs. Hoag burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Hoag bowed his head on his hands.

"Ah, I see it is not sickness—it is something worse! May the Almighty grant me strength to bear it!" sobbed the mother, as she drew off her gloves, and left the apartment mechanically.

An hour later, Mr. Hoag was on his way to St. Louis. He did not acquaint his wife with the contents of the letter he had received, but saying that he had reason to believe that all they had heard of their son was true, he was determined to try to bring him home.

Mrs. Hoag sent up an inward prayer, as she looked over her little family that evening, and at bed-time the youngest, a little fairy of three years, put her arms around her mother's neck, affectionately saying—

"P'ease don't, ma! Ma spoil eyes! Wee-enty Bit's don't to p'ay for her Ralph to-night."

"I don't like Ralph," said a five-year-old boy, who was coming up for the good-night kiss, turning to his little sister, shortly—"he makes mother cry so."

"You's bad, then. See 'at, ma!"

Mrs. Hoag rained a shower of kisses on the little lips.

"Kiss me, too; I'll never say it again," said the crestfallen boy.

So that even the three-year-old caught a glimpse of the skeleton in the house that night.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mr. Hoag reached St. Louis, he went direct to the manager of the —— Theatre. Upon inquiring for "a person named Hoag," the manager bestowed a scrutinizing glance upon him.

"Have you any business with Mr. Hoag?"

"He is my son," replied the father, with a blush of mortified pride; but determined to let the manager know that he was not to be trifled with.

"Oh, indeed! Happy to see you, Mr. Hoag; but of course you are aware that your son has only been known to the public as Mr. ——," mentioning a name that attracted great attention at that time. "Your son will make his mark one day—if he would only study a little more. However, we must make some allowances—young men *will* be young men, you know; and then Ralph is so confidently good looking, and——" But something in the father's face arrested him, and the manager twirled his moustache meditatively—

"Can I see Ralph *now*?"

"In a moment, Mr. Hoag. Collins, see if Mr. —— is in. He may be in his box." And the manager turned around to talk to a tradesman, carelessly. Ralph was not in his box, but chatting flippantly with the comic singer of the stock, and his daughter, a bold-looking ballet dancer, when Collins said—

"Here is a gentleman wishes to see you, Mr. ——," and went off, leaving Ralph face to face with his father.

The young man's face flushed red and purple, then as suddenly paled; but not a word could he utter. His father gazed upon him angrily at first; then extending his hand, involuntarily placed the other over his eyes, from which the tears coursed silently. The comic singer and his daughter walked away, leaving them alone.

"Ah, my son! have you so fallen, then? I never could have believed it of you, Ralph."

Ralph said not a word.

"Will you give it up, Ralph, if I forget the past—and we will never allude to it again. Oh, that *my* boy should resort to the stage!"

Still never a word from Ralph.

"Do you ever think of your poor mother, boy?"

Ralph's lips quivered; he turned aside, hastily.

"For her sake, if not for mine, give up this life. You shall have everything you want—all that heart could wish, if you only change

your associates. But you say nothing—nothing!" And the miserable parent clutched at a chair, staggered, steadied himself a moment, then sat down heavily.

"I—I suppose I *am* changed," at last said the son, in a low tone, and as if talking to himself, holding a hand across his forehead, and gazing intently on the floor. "My God! how I *have* changed! When I look back——" He paused and shuddered, then resumed, still speaking to himself—"Still, I might turn over a new leaf. I am quite young, and——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted his father, "you are quite young. Come along with me—come at once, or I will not have the courage to meet your mother."

That word, "mother," produced a magical effect. Ralph permitted his father to lead him out of the theatre, and to his hotel, where he at once left him in conversation with an old friend, while Mr. Hoag made preparations for their return home.

I will not attempt to describe the greeting Ralph encountered, from his mother down to "Wee'enty Bit." The light came back to Mrs. Hoag's eyes, and even Nancy O'Neil's song was more cheery, as she bustled about her work. But alas! the fond mother's hopes were doomed to a sad disappointment. Ere a month rolled around, Ralph betrayed his love of strong drink.

One night, when he remained out later than usual, Mrs. Hoag under pretence of looking over affairs in the kitchen, awaited his coming, not without an ill-defined feeling of dread. When at last her son came, he was staggering under the influence of the liquor he had imbibed with some boon companions. He managed to stammer out—

"Wha—what you do—do—up so late for, mo—mother? Hic!—waitin'—waitin' me? 'M sorry, 'cos it's un—unnecess'ly." And the young drunkard dropped heavily upon a chair.

"That Ralph Hoag, her handsome, intelligent boy, her first born!—and in such a condition! A DRUNKARD! Then God help her! the worst had come, and it *was* true, that which she had heard; but which she could never believe." You who see the drunkard reeling home, and whose memories cannot testify to the sorrow of a household, the utter desolation which follows the indulgence of that awful propensity, you cannot imagine that poor mother's sorrow. But had the desolating angel robbed her of every child she possessed, she could have submitted to it with more, resignation

than to this affliction. Guiding him, talking to him, quieting his babbling tongue, she put him in his own room, and then retired. But there was no rest for her that night. When morning came, the repentant son went to her and acknowledged his fault freely. He "hoped" he would never cause her such misery again. It was the old story over again. Some friends had tempted him to drink; he drank rather freely, &c., &c. Poor Mrs. Hoag; she believed him; for he was always truthful. But scarcely a week elapsed until he was brought home, totally unable to walk, and in a filthy condition. This time there was no help for it. Mr. Hoag was there to receive his drunken son. And very soon it became a matter of common talk. Very many good people wondered why it was that Elder Hoag's son should turn out so bad. They thought it singular that the best of men, such as elders and ministers, should have such wild sons. Mr. Hoag's very particular friends felt it incumbent upon them to sympathize with him while endeavoring to console him, and one or two conscientious individuals called upon Mrs. Hoag upon a similar errand. "As if," to use Nancy O'Neill's words, "they couldn't look at the short-comings of their own, bad cess to them! If Ralph did take a drop too much, sure an' they that drew on the black face at it might turn it betimes on their own ne'er-do-wells."

It had come out at last that Ralph had been on the stage, and that he had imbibed a love of drink shortly after his departure from home. People predicted a drunkard's grave for him; some few blamed his father as the sole cause of it; and all shook their heads as if it was an exceedingly bad case. And the last conclusion was not far from the truth. Ralph's resolutions were broken almost daily. The love of drink was his ruler. In vain his father plead and threatened by turns. His mother's tears, though they were mixed with his own, had no longer a restraining influence. Ralph Hoag settled into a confirmed drinker. It was a long time before his father's hopes died out; but when at the end of eighteen months he gave up hoping, he resolved to turn his worthless son out of doors. He reasoned that, perhaps when left wholly to himself he would appreciate his condition, and seek to mend it. So, one morning he took his son aside and acquainted him, in calm tones, of his firm resolution. Ralph, who was now wholly lost to shame, gave a dry laugh as he turned away, saying, "Bully for you! I admire

your spirit, I am rather disagreeable, that's a fact, especially when the church people happen to meet me. So, good bye.—No! O! well, if you don't want to shake hands it's no matter to me. I guess I can live—not so drunk but what I know what I'm about. I'm off, you see." And the inebriate stalked away with the air of a lord, that is, a *drunken* lord. But notwithstanding his good bye, he ventured back again within the week under the cover of darkness, and to "borrow" a trifle from his poor mother. We need not say where the trifle went. When men become drunkards their sense of honor is lost; they have been known to steal from fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, and even children. To *borrow* is nothing, although the money can only be obtained at the expense of a lie, well told.

Now, I must admit that, although Ralph when but seventeen possessed a generous heart and a mind of a very high order, at twenty no one could perceive the slightest evidence of either. That is the saddest thing about the business, after all. Every vestige of manly honor fades away before the love of drink; those who were gentle become coarse and cruel; the upright dishonest; the truly refined like to the beasts. Ralph Hoag's case was pointed out as a warning to young men. Men would point him out to their sons, saying—

"Look there! There was as bright a boy as the town could claim; see what he has sunk to—be warned."

Of course, when his father perceived that his son would *not* rely upon himself, but preferred rather the abuse of a bar-tender, so that he could but indulge his appetite, he took him home once more, and there he played the sot to perfection. Abusing every one within his reach, from his heart-broken mother down to his little sister, who approached him with extended arms and mouth upturned for a kiss. No one escaped him. When they ceased to trust him with the veriest trifle of money, his rage became awful, his profanity heart-chilling. Such bitter invective; such terrible sarcasm! Till, at last, those who reared him prayed that he might die rather than lead the life he led. For, at the end of three years, the once handsome, graceful and intellectual Ralph Hoag became a grovelling *beast*!

CHAPTER V.

"I'll do it—if I don't! I've about stood the pressure long enough,—affects my constitution rather seriously. I'm not disposed to

submit to them much longer; 'ud rather enter the Involuntary State Asylum for life, so's I could get my regular three drinks a day; he! he! he! Stop; let's calculate; three drinks a day, regularly; and liquor's *only* fifteen cents a quart, (prime article, too!) lemme see. Why, I could do on a dime a day! But—them! they even deny me that little! Seems to me suthin's decidedly wrong—*does* now; boxin' me up, watching me like a hawk, keepin' the small change under lock and key—if it aint a shame! I *wont* submit to it. Ah! I've been a precious fool, *haven't* I! Why didn't I think of it long ago? Yes, I'll do it!—if I don't!"

"Good Mr. Ralph, wont you go away now," plead Miss O'Neil, coming into the kitchen at that moment. "See! it's eleven this blessed minute; go on now, that's a kind fellow. I *know* you'll please me."

"You do? Pshaw! now I'll trouble you for the proof, Nancy. What do you want?" (crossly) "Am I in your road?" Then with an oath, "Go to bed! I don't want *your* interference."

Nancy was glad to escape, leaving the drunkard grumbling and dozing over the kitchen stove. When he was alone, the drunkard aroused himself, went to a closet and began to eat. (Your confirmed toper is always a glutton.) After eating as much as might suffice two ordinary men, he lifted the lamp, meditated a moment, as if debating some question inwardly; then with a scornful laugh, proceeded to the door of his mother's chamber. Setting down the lamp cautiously, he opened the door noiselessly, and advanced into the room on tiptoe. It is wonderful how cunning your seemingly stupid drunkard becomes when in pursuit of that which will secure him his object. On the present occasion, Ralph Hoag was very successful in removing a bunch of keys from *beneath his mother's pillow*, and that pillow wet with the tears shed for him only that night. The keys in his possession, with a smile of grim satisfaction he left the room, closing the door after him. Pausing a short while on the outside, he descended slowly and carefully to the sitting-room, in which his mother usually did her sewing, and in which stood his father's secretary. Placing the lamp carefully where he could have the benefit of its light, he fumbled among the keys, muttering to himself in a dissatisfied way—

"Pshaw! certainly, I've as good a right to it as any one. Supposin' he was to drop off some day; I wonder if I wouldn't come in for

a big share? Then what's the use of debating the question? I've gone over the whole ground once, (did I say I'd gone over the ground, te-he! he! he! Come! I'm too witty entirely, as Nancy says); so, where's the use repeatin' the arguments. The court decided in my favor, so—here goes! The wrong key; might a knowd it—le's try this. Ah! there you are, my beauty; and now for—Hello! what's this?" and the robber paused with drunken gravity as a little parcel, carefully tied with a red ribbon, rolled out of a small drawer and down upon the floor at his feet.

"Some of the old woman's fineries, I guess; like as not her weddin' veil. Lemme see!" and stooping, he picked the parcel up between his thumb and forefinger, eyeing it curiously, with that maudlin leer common to the drunkard. "Superfine, no doubt. The governor was rich when he was *my* age, consequently this must be a rich present. Well," in a grumbling tone, and with an oath, "it's little I've had to spend in *that* way. They take devilish good care not to bother *me* in selectin' handsome presents for the ladies. Small loss, tho'—but I wonder what it is."

The ribbon was pulled off roughly, with a jerk; the paper torn open rudely, when a child's shoe was exposed. Although worn, it was still shapely, with as bright a color, (red) as when first made. The drunkard gazed at it with an amused smile; turned it over, and held it out on his dexter finger, turning it over and over, and over again, with that comical, quizzical smile on his face.

"An' where in all the world did *you* come from? Don't remember as I've had the honor of seeing you before. Blood relations, tho', I've not the slightest doubt—we've both got *rather* florid complexions—you've been shelled, an' so'm I; you're not of the *slightest* earthly account, an'—an' so'm I. Now, I just wonder where the foot was; *who* it belonged to when *you* played a part on this stage—'cos it was something *rather* neat. O! you have 'a story to unfold' about yourself, I see," drawing, as he spoke, a slip of gilt edged paper out of the shoe. "Now for your 'veritable history.' 'RALPH'S FIRST SHOE!—from sister Mary!' Why, if it aint *mine*!"

The young man looked grave, stroked the shoe soberly, examined it closely, laid it down, picked it up, laid it down a second time; and took it up a third time.

"I must have been *very* small when I wore that—somehow, can't realize ever being *quite* so diminutive; but it must have been, never-

theless. From Aunt Mary! I liked her—*she* was an angel—the very best woman that ever lived. But, pshaw! What am I crying for! I'm a blamed fool! I'm getting chicken-hearted. Aunt Mary's present; she who used to say I'd go up high some day—I'm about as low as a man can go now—up among the towering intellects—and more of such 'stuff.' But she was mother's best friend, and mine. Hang it!—*she* was everybody's friend. How old could I have been then? A matter of five or six months, not more. And, of course, in my mother's arms. What *did* I look like—the first, too—they must have thought the world and all of me. Seems to me as if I can feel my mother throwing me up in her arms and kissing me on the cheeks. Does so!" and the wretched drunkard sobbed aloud. "Yes, I wasn't a *thing* then—somebody always predicting good of me—and here I am robbing my own father! I wonder if there ever *was* a scoundrel like me."

As the remorseful drunkard wept scalding tears, a little hand was laid on his arm, and looking down at his side he beheld his youngest sister. "Wee'enty Bit!" he exclaimed.

"O! Ralph, don't be cross with Wee'enty Bit. I heard you coming into the room. I was afraid of something—you won't be angry and say bad words—so I followed you." Ralph gazed down upon her in silence. "Are you angry—because, I'll go right off to bed again."

"And you have been watching me all this time?"

"Yes—I couldn't help it—kiss me, Ralph, *do*!"

The brother's arms were around her in an instant.

"Wee'enty Bit!"

"Well, tell me."

"Do you see that shoe?"

"Yes; what a dear little thing it is, to be sure; just big enough for my doll."

"It has saved me—made me think how cross I've been to you and everybody else."

"Then you'll never be so again—will you?" said the child, quickly, looking up at him in a surprised way. "O! I'm so glad. Wont it be nice!"

The only answer was a shower of tears. After a long pause—

"Wee'enty Bit!"

"Well."

"Will you go to bed now, and—and never say anything about what you've seen to-night?"

"To be sure. I'm no tell-tale."

"There, then; and God bless you and make me a good brother to you. And now, we'll both go to bed."

* * * * *

"Don't you think there is something odd about Ralph—a sort of a sneaking look in his eyes of late?" said Mr. Hoag to his wife one evening, as they sat alone, the children having gone to bed, and the eldest girl being out on a visit. Mrs. Hoag sighed as she answered—

"I noticed something unusual, I thought. I think he has not tasted anything this week—if it would only continue so; but there is no hope of that."

"No!" replied her husband, sighing in his turn. "And sometimes I believe it is a judgment upon me for my cruel treatment of the boy in the beginning." He had never expressed himself like that before; Mrs. Hoag wondered what was coming next. "Ralph was not a bad boy. I think he was as well disposed as any child I ever knew; but I made a sad blunder when I forbade him the house for a trifling misdemeanor. I have never quite forgot his look when I ordered him out."

"Well," said his wife, as the tears coursed slowly down her cheeks, "we will have to be doubly careful of the rest, and, who knows! perhaps God *may* change Ralph's heart."

"I cannot deceive myself," replied the husband. "This fit won't last long—he will be tormenting the whole neighborhood to-morrow in all likelihood."

But for once the father was agreeably disappointed. Ralph absented himself from the house, it is true; but he came home sober. Where he went, no one knew; but a great change came over him. People began to remark it, and many were the predictions and surmises thereat. When, at the end of three weeks, Ralph's manner resumed its old tone and bearing, his father broached the subject, rather timidly it is true, to his son, and requested him to confide in him, assuring him how earnestly he would second his efforts to rid himself of his evil propensity.

"I rely on the Almighty alone to assist me in freeing myself from the evil. I have resolved *firmly* never to touch the accursed poison so long as I retain my senses. I am in my sober senses now—you can tell my mother so. You have borne with everything—*don't* everything that mortal *could* do. Now it is in God's own hands."

Imagine the father's astonishment at this unexpected reply. He pressed his son's hand

warmly, while a new hope swelled his heart. At the end of a month, Ralph announced his intention to read law with an eminent jurist who resided in the city. He had been reviewing some of his studies, he said, and felt his ground—he had faith in himself now, and with the Almighty's assistance he hoped to retrieve his lost character. If he could only do that, even, it would be something to be thankful for.

And from that hour he never tasted spirituous liquors. Years have rolled around since that resolution was formed, and to-day Ralph Hoag's name stands high on the scroll of fame. His father and mother passed away, after beholding him occupying a judge's seat, and hearing his name in connection with all that was gentle, temperate, noble and merciful. But to his mother alone did he reveal the secret of his salvation—how, when everything else failed, he was saved by the flood of recollections that were awakened by the sight of his first shoe.

Parting.

I am sitting, idly sitting, where the twilight shades
are sitting,
And the memory of the Past draws around me
like a spell,
Breathes the last tones of the nearest, the fondest
and the dearest,
Still within my ear in a tremulous farewell.

It is hard to think us parted—trusted—trusting—
steel-true hearted,
And that many links may crumble from the
lengthening chain of time,
Ere my lips may feel the pressing, or my hair the
light caressing
That have filled my soul with rapture, and a love
almost sublime.

Ah, our lives have twined together, like the vines
in sunny weather,
And we never thought to part until death should
break the chain
With which golden love had bound us, weaving
like a halo round us,
Every thought and every feeling—grasping joys,
ignoring pain.

Yet thou'rt gone! Thy country calls thee. Fac-
tion's stormy cloud entralls thee,
And I never more may look into the blue depths
of thine eyes—
Never hear the loved voice stealing, with its rich,
deep freight of feeling,
On my ear with gentle murmurs as the evening
glory dies.

Life seems 'rest of every beauty—I have scarce a
heart for duty,

As I sit here thinking, thinking of thee, darling,
far away,

Tears are falling fast and faster—Heaven grant no
dire disaster

May make the gloom eternal that is on my
heart to-day.

Yet, in all my pain and sorrow, could I call thee
back to-morrow,

Dear, my lips should never breathe the words to
hasten thy return,

Though I sit here sadly sobbing, with a heart so
wildly throbbing.

I could never quench the sparks that on thy
bosom's altar burn.

No, our hearts may wander darkling, still I see
the diamond sparkling

Of the star that yet shall dawn to bid us hope
for peace once more,

And my soul leaps, e'en in sadness, like an infant
in its gladness,

To think how proud I'll greet thee when the
bloody strife is o'er.

I'll not think of death and slaughter, tinged with
blood the crystal water—

Of the purling streams that murmur through the
forests of our land,

But of banners proudly streaming, where the
camp-fires now are gleaming,

Hear the rolling shout of millions peal from
Freedom's fearless band.

See I thee, bold, brave and daring, on thy manly
forehead wearing

The shadow of a purpose strong as every pulse
of life;

See thee strike the foe before thee, while the rolling
clouds sweep o'er thee,

On! 'mid clash of sword and sabre, in the hot-
test of the strife.

I would never have thee falter—better death or
felon's halter,

Than to see our cause defeated, and a nation
bowed in shame;

Were I man, grim Death should claim me, ere a
coward thought should shame me,

Or the stigma of inaction rest upon my man-
hood's fame.

Love, God have thee in His keeping ever, waking
or in sleeping,

Every hour I breathe a prayer for my country's
cause and thee,

And I feel His love will fold thee, till my eyes
again behold thee.

In the flush of manly beauty, and the pride of
victory!

Libbie's Lecture.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

"Burnt bread again!" exclaimed Mr. Haynes, pushing away the slice he had taken, with a gesture of impatience. "I really do wish, Mary, that you would pay a little more attention to your culinary duties. Everything is either overdone or underdone. If anything in the world annoys me, it is dinners got up in this manner."

Mrs. Haynes's pale face flushed up a little; perhaps the heightened color was occasioned by the rebuke—perhaps by an emotion of shame, on hearing her husband utter a falsehood; for Mr. Haynes's assertion was thoroughly false. A poorly cooked meal was a thing of very rare occurrence in his wife's well regulated household.

Libbie fidgeted in her chair a moment, and then spoke out quite bluntly—

"It was you that burned the bread, father, you know mother never burns her bread!"

"I burned the bread, child! How could I burn the bread?"

"By neglecting to fasten the carriage-house door. Little Jamie climbed into the carriage—fell out, and cut his head badly on the wheel. While we were dressing the wound, the bread was burned."

"For mercy sake, Mary!" ejaculated Mr. Haynes, "why do you persist in allowing that child to play in the back yard?"

"Why, father!" said Libbie, "you told mother only yesterday to allow him to play in the back yard every forenoon." Mr. Haynes pretended not to have heard his daughter's last assertion, but inquired where Jamie was. He was in his crib. He had cried himself to sleep.

That evening Mr. Haynes came home in unusual spirits.

"Libbie," said he, as soon as he entered the supper-room, "what do you suppose brought Henry Fuller to my office this afternoon?"

"How can I tell," Libbie replied, with glowing cheek. "Legal business, no doubt."

"Now, Libbie, you do not speak frankly," said her father, laughing. "He came to ask permission to address Miss Libbie Haynes as his future wife. He is respectably connected—has a good income—is very moral—and—I told him he had my hearty approval; has he yours, my daughter?"

"No, father," Libbie replied in rather a hesitating voice.

"Why, Libbie!" ejaculated Mr. Haynes, in a surprised, interrogating way. "I thought you liked him."

"Well, then, I do," she replied, speaking out honestly, though a flush of maiden shame suffused her cheek. "But I have decided never to marry."

"Decided never to marry!" repeated her father. "What has occasioned such a resolution?"

"A fear lest my husband should make me as miserable as you do my dear, patient mother," she answered, speaking very hurriedly, lest her courage might give way.

"I make your mother miserable?" exclaimed Mr. Haynes, looking like just what he felt himself to be, a much injured man.

"Yes, you make mother very miserable. Only think how unjustly you spoke to her at dinner to-day; and you know she always makes excellent bread. Then you declared that everything was either overdone or underdone, and she had been to so much trouble to prepare your favorite dish. You never commend any effort she makes to please you, although she is constantly consulting your tastes and caprices. Hers is a life of perpetual sacrifice—yours of continual exaction." Mr. Haynes walked hurriedly about the room. Libbie went up to him, laid her hand on his arm and continued very meekly—"Dear father, I know this rebuke is very rude and unbecoming from the lips of a child; but you demanded my reasons, and this has troubled me so long. Will you forgive me, father?"

"Yes, yes, child; but go away now. I am sure I never thought of this. Why has your mother never spoken of it, if she finds me arbitrary and exacting?"

"Because she fears you, father."

"Fears me, Libbie? as though I chastised her."

"You do, father."

"Libbie! you will certainly make me angry."

"But, father, you do chastise her, daily. Sometimes with the eye; sometimes with words; besides, accidents occasioned by your own neglect, you invariably lay at her door. How it grieves me to see my strong father burden my weak mother with all his own omissions of duty. Yes, I am positive I will never marry until I am satisfied that my husband will commend as well as condemn." Mr. Haynes did not come down to tea that evening. He had a miserable headache, and stayed in the library. Libbie understood the headache;

and she had some misgivings about the course she had pursued, and worried herself not a little about what she termed her unfilial lecture.

The next morning at breakfast there was nothing in Mr. Haynes's manner indicating a memory of the conversation of the foregoing evening; only when he did not take his third cup of coffee, and his wife timidly asked if he found it unpalatable, he replied, quite earnestly—"O! no, it is very good," and really added, "You know you make excellent coffee, Mary." She did know it, certainly, for her taste was quite as delicate as her husband's; but she could not repress a slight manifestation of surprise, blended with gratitude, on hearing the first commendation since the honey-moon.

In the evening, when Henry Fuller called, Mr. Haynes and Libbie were sole occupants of the parlor.

"Henry," said the former, as soon as salutations were exchanged, "what do you suppose Libbie has been saying?" Without waiting for a reply he continued—"She declares she will never marry until she is positive that her husband will commend her success in any undertaking, as well as to condemn any failure she may unfortunately meet with."

"She is quite right," said Henry, very gravely. "My mother has just been speaking to me on the same subject. She assures me it is habitual with married men to allow others to praise their wives, while they reserve to themselves the prerogative of rebuking and condemning them for every peccadillo which comes under their Argus eye. I, too, have noticed these things in my brief experience; but if Libbie should give her happiness into my keeping, I trust I shall not play the exacting and arbitrary master, but the friend and adviser. Counselling, if need be; listening to admonitions from her if circumstances render it necessary."

Libbie has finally decided to trust Henry. They have been two years married, and never yet has he complained, if ill-luck occasionally attends her efforts in the kitchen. Mr. Haynes is decidedly an improved man, and confidently assures his wife, that Libbie's lecture opened his eyes, if it did inflict a poignant wound at the time.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame.

My Patchwork Quilt.

BY MARY HALL.

Many a curious device, and many a beautiful picture is to be traced in the well selected and well arranged colors in piecing quilts. Some spend their ingenuity in imitating flowers—a pink, a rose, a sunflower, or a myrtle wreath—some prefer a cluster of bright colors, and form a flower-pot, or a wreath of various vines; and some try to imitate the stars above, and piece beautiful bright patches, and set them in white or blue, in imitation of the upper sphere. Some, to make a more valued keepsake, get each dear friend to piece a square on which to write her name. This forms a beautiful album. In looking over the quilt, the eye is struck with the names of many friends who are very near and dear, and who may be numbered among the angelic band.

But not of such is my cherished patchwork quilt. It is of various colors, from that of the brightest rose to the most sombre gray. The texture also varies. It contains silk, worsted, lawn, calico and white muslin. The form of the patch is nothing singular or of uncommon beauty. "Why then," you ask, "is the quilt so cherished?" Because it is formed of pieces of garments worn by many dear departed ones. In looking over its surface, I see a happy throng around me, to whom my heart clung with fervent love, and whose memories will never be erased. There I see the parents of my childhood, whose love was no idle theme. This brown worsted which my mother wore, is full of power to remind me of her. How, even now, I see her placid smile, and hear her gentle voice, though she has long since passed away. How I remember still her many kind admonitions and tender words of love—her gentle reproof when I did wrong. (what child does never err?) and looks of pleasant approbation when I did right.

That fawn-colored silk was a birthday present from my father; that father ever kind and good, who was always striving to make his children glad, and yet never for the outward garb neglected the inward clothing. How often have I heard him say—"My children are given me to train for Heaven."

"Let this dress be as a memento of my love for my daughter," he said, "and let her remember that it is with pleasure I hail the day that gave her birth; and while its silken folds encircle her body, let her consider that her father's spirit is ever around her, endeavoring to shield her from harm."

This lilac lawn was selected by my ever-dear husband. He too is from me, though not called by death away, and while my fondest love is centred on him, I have but to trust in Him who united us in love, to bring him to me again. He has gone to serve his country, and if he falls, he falls in a righteous cause; for he felt it to be his duty to give his strength, and if need be his life, for his country.

Here is a pink chintz worn by my infant brother. That brother was such a sweet child—dear, kind, affectionate and loving in childhood, and such he was when manhood claimed him. But alas! how changed! No crime e'er stained his noble brow, but he is lost to himself and his friends. Reason gave up her sway, and though still in accordance with his nature, he is yet kind and tender-hearted, he has no companionship with man, but rather prefers to be alone, to commune with his own disconnected thoughts and imaginations.

There too are relics of a departed sister. She was cut down by stern disease, just as her life's bud was opening into beautiful bloom, and she was taken from the world before she knew the snares that are set for all our feet. Each brother and each sister holds a place in my album quilt, and dearly loved uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and playmates with whom I started on life's varied journey. They are gone, and I am left to sojourn without their companionship.

This piece of white muslin is well suited to call to mind a lovely babe who wore it, for his infant spirit was pure and untarnished, and he is now a shining star on the celestial crown of glory. That babe was a precious thing of earth—one of the lambs of God. He gave him loveliness, and called him home, before he knew the word.

As I review my patchwork quilt, I feel that I am left almost alone on earth, though surrounded by the spirits of the loved ones. Though I love the reminiscence of the past, it brings sad reflections. I am naturally grave, and love better to reflect on these sad memories than to try to banish them from me.

"When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead.
And all but he departed!"

Face to Face.

CHAPTER I.

What can be amiss at the Curate's house this afternoon? It is Christmas Eve, yet the children are huddling round the parlor fire, too miserable to speak a word to each other. The Curate is out, for one thing. If he were at home, be sure you would soon hear the laughter of the whole six ringing through the half-empty rooms this Christmas Eve. But now he is out. They saw him set off after dinner, with Thomas Gubb, the clerk, who bore a great bag containing a lot of warm things for the poorer parishioners that their father had collected from the richer ones. The boys would have liked to have gone too, but when they were about to start, Freddy found the sole of his boot peel right off, and their sister protested that as for some time to come, the lads would have but one pair between them, Georgy had better stay at home and let the boots, which were already growing thin, be kept for important occasions. And so all the six had sat moping by themselves in the parlor since dinner-time, their natural love of fun apparently quite gone out of them, looking through the window at the falling snow in the churchyard, poking their fingers through the high wire fender, and peeping at the sugar-basin in the cupboard. The house seemed very dreary that afternoon, and Miss Margaret, the Curate's eldest daughter, decidedly cross. She had been out since her father's departure, refusing to take any one with her, and had come back with a great brown paper parcel, which she would tell them nothing about, and had enjoined them not to speak of to their father until she gave them leave. As they had some hope of its turning out to be a cake, (though, if so, it must be of decidedly limp constitution) they did not worry her. After getting tea ready, she sat in the rocking-chair and took the youngest child on her knee, and began to tell them all a most exciting story about Cinderella; but instead of making the Prince's ambassador say—"Does the slipper fit?" she made him say—"Do the clothes fit?" and when the children laughed at the mistake, she smiled sadly, and saying she must finish another time, took a candle and left the room, the children looking after her with a dim sense of something wrong.

The clock was striking as Margaret Latimer crossed the bare hall. She stood for a

moment at the foot of the stairs, counting it.

"Five," she said to herself, sitting down on the bottom stair. "He's sure to be in directly. Ten minutes more, and it will be all over. There's hardly time, but I must have one more look." Taking her candle, she ran up the carpetless stairs, stopped at a door on the first landing, and went in. It was the Curate's bed-room. On a chair beside the hard, narrow bed, lay a clean shirt. Miss Margaret set her candle down on the drawers, and, taking up the shirt, revealed underneath a suit of shining black clothes, which had evidently not come direct from the tailor, but been just sufficiently worn to take the set of the wearer's form. What could it be that made the little hands tremble so as she held them up and examined them all over, feeling the thick substance and the soft, satiny surface, and then replaced them in due order—coat, waistcoat, and trousers? These, then, were the clothes as to the fit of which the Prince's ambassador had been inquiring. She laid them down on the chair, and sat looking at them with burning, red cheeks, and the tears coming into her eyes. There was something in that fair, sad picture—that still and statue-like distress—which seemed not in harmony with the bareness and poverty of the place, and yet that seemed to supply all its deficiencies. She sat on the edge of the bed in her brown linsey dress, looking so exquisitely fresh, such a perfect little lady, that you would find it hard to believe the Curate's daughter did all the work of that old house; and yet, perhaps, if I tell you that the Rev. John Lattimer's entire income was just a hundred pounds, with rent and taxes to pay out of the hundred, you will perceive that he found seven children quite enough to keep, without a servant. Miss Margaret's face was fair and her eyes blue, so intense and clear in their blueness that, when any anger or agitation sent a heat towards them, you could see the faint cloudiness come over them—a change from azure to violet. Her hair was light, not golden, except when you could see the sunshine through it, but it made a very lovely frame to that round, clear-cut girlish face. The cloudiness I have mentioned was over the eyes now as they looked down upon the black clothes on the bed.

"What will he say? what will he say?" she murmured, once more taking up the coat.

At that instant a loud summons on the rusty knocker of the door made Miss Margaret start

to her feet, hastily arrange the clothes on the chair as they were before, and taking her candle, fly down the stairs, her heart's beat keeping time with her steps.

"Such a night, children! such a night! There, mind you don't get drowned!"

The Curate was shaking his coat in the hall, sprinkling with snow-flakes all the little creatures who had rushed in a body to the door at his knock.

"So glad you've came, pa," said little Jeannie, "it's been such a miserable day."

"A miserable day!" exclaimed the Curate, taking her up in his arms. "What, Christmas Eve!"

"Yes, but it's such a cold Kismas, pa," said the child, shivering down upon his shoulder, "and we have such a 'little, tiny fire!'"

Mr. Lattimer walked into the parlor, and, after setting Jeannie in his arm-chair close by the fire, he stood on the rug, repeating to himself—

"Cold! Yes, poor children! it's a bright Christmas for them. All the prickly holly without the bright berries upon it—the cold, bitter frosting of the cake, but none of the cake itself!"

For a moment the Curate stood before his fire, looking down at it so fixedly that you could almost fancy the poor little fire was getting really embarrassed by his gaze and ashamed of its littleness, for it winked, and blinked, and tottered in its foundations, and at last collecting all its force, blazed out in one bright singing flame that lit the room and made little Jeannie smile and stretch her tiny hands towards it. For one moment, I say, the Curate stood looking down at it; and there came over his large, sharp-featured, pale face a dreariness and an inexpressible dull pain, as though something whispered to him, "Behold the fruits of eight-and-twenty years of toil!" But one moment, however, only one, did that look of pain cross the clear honesty and peace of the Curate's face. The next a smile came upon it—a smile that was like a sudden flash of youth in its brightness and strength.

"Little ones," he said, tenderly taking Jeannie on his knee, and drawing two more thin forms within his arm—"little ones! do you think it strange that papa should work so hard, and yet that we should have so little money? Shall I tell you how it is? Well, then, listen. Some men there are who work not nearly so hard and yet have many more comforts than we, because they may take all the profits of their work and spread them in

comforts round their homes; but, my children, I musn't do this; I work for a Master, for the good God, and to His profit alone. I take what is given me to live upon and to keep you with, but I cannot work for more. All the work of my hands and brain is His. Will you remember this, my darlings?"

There was only a silence in answer, and a general pressing nearer to him, and the touch of many soft, small trustful hands on his arms and knees.

Why did Miss Margaret keep aloof all this time? Did she not feel the truth of what he said? There was a cloud on her fair face, as though she did not quite.

"Here are your slippers, papa."

"Thanks. Why, Margaret, what's the matter? Have you got the headache?"

"No, papa—yes, a little; but, papa, will you come in the kitchen? I have some news for you."

Mr. Lattimer rose and followed her.

"Really this is a most comfortable kitchen, Margaret," said the Curate, shivering, as he sat on the edge of the table—"a fact one is apt to forget after cooking-time, when you always let the fire out. Well, what news, what news? Has Vaughan been here?"

"No," Miss Margaret answered with decision—"something much more important than that."

"I don't know, my child," said Mr. Lattimer, laughing, and shaking his head. "I expect one of his comings some day will be of considerable importance to me."

"Never mind that now, papa," Miss Margaret answered quickly.

"Well, well—the news? I hope it isn't so bad or so good as to try my nerves; for, if so, I should like a cup of tea first."

"Papa, I met Mr. Amore and the Doctor when I was out this afternoon, and they told me—guess what?"

"That the new Rector has come and brought his own Curate, and is going to turn us out."

"O, papa! No, but that they have both been to Sir George Blount to ask for the living for you; and that, though Sir George was a little put out about their interference, they have got you an invitation to the hall this evening."

"Yes, most likely to tell me what he did not choose to tell them, that he thinks such a proceeding utterly unwarrantable, and to ask whether I sanctioned or encouraged it."

"O, papa, he could not be so cruel as that."

"Well, we'll hope for the best; but he

musn't try me too far by his unworthy suspicions or his extreme views of the rights of property in such matters, else I shall tell him my mind very plainly."

"But, come, papa, you have scarcely time to dress and get there by six, and you were not to be a minute later."

It was very strange, but Miss Margaret no sooner said the word "dress" than the color rushed up to her face.

"My dear, five minutes is time enough for any man to put a clean shirt on," said the Curate, "and that, you know, is the only change in dress I can make, whether for Church or State occasions. Come, I must have a cup of tea first."

"And so he would really go in those clothes," thought Miss Margaret, as she followed him into the parlor; "why, he didn't seem to have a thought of what they were like after so much hard wear;" and while making the tea she pictured him to herself entering Sir George's drawing-room, Miss Effie's and all the young ladies' eyes turning on him, the proposed new Rector.

No; certainly the Rev. John Lattimer, as he stood on his own hearth, talking to his children and making them break out every now and then into peals of laughter by some good, round, hearty Christmas joke, certainly he did not seem weighed down in spirit by any sense of the meanness of his garb. Perhaps the work he had done in it, the hearts he had comforted, the minds he had enlightened, the death-beds he had prayed over in it, had invested the fading habiliments with a kind of sanctifying halo even in his own eyes. He did not contract his chest because he was sensible of a darn encroaching rather forwardly in front of his shirt, but held himself erect, flung back his shoulders, and all unconsciously let the miserable little darn do its worst for him in the world's eyes; and so, instead of its making him look ridiculous, he made the darn look ridiculous and absurdly out of place. He wore his poverty in his heart, as he wore the seedy coat on his back, with unflinching erectness, never giving the least way to its presence, never letting it eat into it; but keeping it separate and distinct, as a garment to be one day thrown off as he threw off his coat at night. So with his children. Fate had given to his boys a strength and breadth of limb, a natural erectness of bearing, and to his girls a grace, a vividness of bloom, which, while it made the shabbiness of their garb more conspicuous, yet held it off from them

and kept it from appearing as part of their characters. It is wonderful how much poverty can be borne without sacrifice of health and happiness, if only the mind sink not, but keeps itself healthy, pure, and vigorous. For this reason, so far was the Curate's home from having an air of stinginess or dullness, that many a young and needy Curate would come from miles round to bask for an hour or so in the sunshine and plenty which all these happy young faces and rich voices at ordinary times gave an impression of. I do not say but that perhaps one face and one voice proved a greater attraction than any of the rest; but I do say, that though there was often a good deal of moping and sighing in the Curate's parlor, there was not one of those young Curates but would just as soon have gone to the hall and demanded the hand of the rich and beautiful Miss Effie as he would have asked John Lattimer for his "penniless daughter," his "light-haired, sunny Margaret," his "pearl beyond price:" for so the fond father would at different times and moods call her. Besides, though there had been no positive engagement, yet it was well known that Harry Vaughan, the young Curate of Lescombe, and a poor and distant relation of Sir George Blount, with whom he was then exerting all his influence to obtain the Rectory for Mr. Lattimer;—it was well known, I repeat, that Harry Vaughan had a pretty firm footing at the Curate's house; and what man in all the parish of Littleington would have dared to enter into rivalry with him? Yes, it was looked upon as a sure thing that, what with his having the ear of Sir George, and what with the influence of Dr. Ellet and old Mr. Amore, the Rev. John Lattimer would get the living; that Vaughan would be his curate, marry Miss Margaret, and keep on the old house; and everybody agreed it was a most desirable state of things.

"Come, papa, it's really getting very late," said Miss Margaret, after she had poured him out a third cup of tea.

"My dear, I must not go hungry, or I shall be making an unseemly attack on the refreshments at Sir George's, and the young ladies will be saying, 'Harry Vaughan has sent a wolf after the rectory.' But come, a candle. Ta! ta! children; papa must go and make himself beautiful. By-the-by, Margaret, have I a clean necktie?"

"Yes; but I think, papa, the one you have on is the best. Here is the other. What do you think?"

"Well," said the Curate, shaking it out and

looking at the darns, "perhaps you are right, Margaret. Perhaps it is a little too elaborately embroidered for a simple evening call." Then, remembering how closely she had sat over it all the morning nearly, he added, with that tenderness that gave to his rugged features and big form an almost courtly grace, "But, put it by, lassie, put it by carefully; I don't wear my Margaret's work where it will be scoffed at, not I; I keep it and wear it as the knights of old wore their ladies' favors in the battle field; there, put it by for church to-morrow." And, taking the candle from her, the Curate went up stairs.

No sooner had he left the room than Miss Margaret flung the neck-cloth on the side-board, went out, and, shutting the parlor door after her, stood in the middle of the dark hall, listening intently. Now, the Curate always had a firm, reliant, somewhat heavy tread, as though spiritually he were sure of the foundations he had laid for himself; but to-night, as he mounted the stairs, after having just looked his poverty in the face through that well-darned neckcloth, Miss Margaret thought his step was absolutely a proud one; and the nearer it approached to his own room the more violently throbbed that little, listening heart under the brown linsey. Inch by inch she crept to the foot of the stairs. She heard his hand on the door-latch; all the doors of the house had latches; she saw the light pass suddenly off the staircase wall, and heard his door close again; then, glad for once in her life of the thinness of her shoes, flew up noiselessly, not pausing till she stood close outside his door. The Curate had taken up with him a sheet of notes for his sermon, not the Christmas Day sermon, which was already written, but one for the Sunday following; and, while going on with his dressing, he kept adding more notes, repeating them first in his stentorian voice, the lowest, deepest tone of which was clear and rounded enough for Miss Margaret to hear every word distinctly.

"St Paul says—Umph; see I Corinthians, 2d chapter."

Then there was a walk across the room, and she heard the chair, on which all her thoughts were bent, dragged forward from its place.

"Now," she murmured, closing her eyes and pressing both hands to her side. "Now!"

But no; the discovery she dreaded was not yet made. The Curate had evidently left the chair to go and make another note, for presently she heard his voice again—

"As shown by the sparrows, St. Luke xii.; and further illustrated in the same chapter, from 'Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on,' down to 'How much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

What relation could these notes bear to Miss Margaret that her pretty mouth should quiver so at the corners as she listened? But hark! there is the chair dragged hold of again. Perhaps he was only going to move it out of his way. No; a dead silence! He sees; he evidently sees! Presently there is a low exclamation—

"What the deuce—Umph? What does it mean? Bless my soul! why?"

Then came a heavy stride across the room, a sudden opening of the door, and a tremendous shout of—

"Margaret!" that nearly knocked the quivering little listener down.

"Papa, papa!"

Mr. Lattimer retreated a few paces back into his bed-room. He was almost as much startled by the sudden apparition of his daughter as she had been by his call.

A piteous picture was Miss Margaret just then. There she stood, her two little hands clasped on her side, her blue eyes big with tears, her round rose of a face all pale with fright, and her light hair lifted off her shoulders by the sudden blast that rushed at her from the Curate's cold, draughty room. Yes, the sight of her seemed even a greater surprise for him than that which he had just had; but still he could not help connecting the two things together; so, laying his hand on her shoulder, he drew her gently in.

"Why, Margaret, what is this? Sit down. Quiet yourself. There! Now tell me, my child, where have these clothes come from?"

She looked up as she sat on the foot of the bed, holding the brass knob of the bedstead tightly—looked up, and saw him standing there pointing down at the clothes.

"O, papa, don't be angry. I'm afraid after all it's very wrong what I've done; but what will become of us if you don't get the rectory?"

"What have these clothes to do with my getting the rectory, Margaret?"

"Papa, if you go in your old ones to Sir George he will not like it; he will think—that is—I mean, Harry says he is so anxious that the new Rector should be quite a gentleman, and all that; not like Mr. Scott, you know."

"Well, Margaret?"

"Well, papa, seeing how everything almost seemed to depend upon Sir George liking you when you go, I was determined to get you some clothes somehow. There was only one way."

"And what was that? You would not go in debt, I think?"

"O, no, Papa."

"How then?"

"The society, papa, that you were telling me about for aiding poor clergymen in great difficulty. I found it very hard, but I wrote and told them all about it; and though I said you didn't know, and that if they wouldn't believe me I couldn't do anything more, they have believed me, and sent me what I asked for."

"And now, Margaret?"

Why, now, Miss Margaret had no more to say. She looked at him through her tears and wondered how she could have done it—how she could have doubted his looking gentlemanly, let him go in what garb he might—he who stood there in his shirt-sleeves, proud, offended, almost grand in the humiliation she had brought upon him.

"And, Margaret," said the Curate, presently, "suppose they had not sent them; suppose I had gone in these, disgraced myself, and lost the rectory; what then?"

Miss Margaret rose up and smiled; then, tremblingly and tearful, but still feeling a little strength, a little justification for her behaviour, she began.

"Papa," she said, sweetly and firmly, "papa, you would not have disgraced yourself; you would only have lost the rectory; and we should only be just as we have been all along. I should have spoken to Harry, and he would never have come here any more. That is how it would have been—how it shall be now if you like, if you cannot wear these things—only do forgive me, papa! It was so hard to do it!"

Mr. Lattimer looked at the clothes and looked at his daughter. Now, I should remark that Miss Margaret, for all her sweetness, ruled over the Curate's house with a certain piquant tyranny. A fortunate thing, too, it was for her, poor motherless soul, that with those wild boys she had it in her; and a natural thing, too, being so very pretty and so very clever, and so very sure that things as the Curate's must all go to ruin without her. I tell you this that you may the better understand Mr. Lattimer's feelings as he stood

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by the bedside looking first at the clothes and then at his daughter; offering, with a face so piteously meek, and sorry, and earnest, to give up for him and her little brothers and sisters the love-dream of her life—the one hope she had of release from poverty and toil—Harry Vaughan, whose love, it was whispered, one of Sir George Blount's daughters had tried in vain to win. Should they let her do it, the Curate thought for himself and for his little ones? Should they keep their sweet rose all to themselves, and make that black-eyed Vaughan go about his business? Or should he put the clothes on, go and bear humiliation for her as she had borne it for him, get the rectory, perhaps, and be rid of her? It was a sore struggle. He looked at the clothes, took them up, and said, with a grimace,

"Was he an honest man who wore them, Margaret, I wonder?"

"You'll soon see, papa; they won't fit you unless it was."

"Then I'll put them on."

"O, papa, papa!" She flew and clasped him round the neck, sobbing against his shoulder as though her very heart would break.

"Yes, I'll put them on, and if my flesh creeps I'll say the flesh is proud, and not the clothes vile. I am proud, Margaret; it is the one thing that hinders me about my business. I think many of my cloth are. If so, God forgive us; for it can only be through the magnitude and grandeur of the message we convey, not through the quality of the messengers. There, look up, my pet; I'll put them on like a man, I mean like a charity boy. Come, Margaret, don't frown; there's been many a decent charity boy before me."

"O, don't, papa!"

"Well, I won't. There, run along down stairs and prepare the children for my magnificence; and if a genteel appearance, or thy bravery, my own darling, will win it, never fear. O, I'll get the rectory!"

Miss Margaret ran down, kissed the children all round, and, while moving away the things, behaved altogether in so fascinating a manner as to perfectly bewilder them, till at last it got whispered round (for scandal will circulate, even amongst children) that Mr. Vaughan must be coming.

In less than ten minutes Mr. Lattimer came down.

"Now, little ones," he cried, holding out his arms, "what do you think of papa as a charity boy?"

Margaret was not pained this time, because his words were followed by a chorus of small laughter, and by a roar and stamp of the foot in sympathetic merriment from the Curate himself.

"Why, he looks grand—grand," she said, clapping her hands, "and the clothes, I feel positive, never looked half as well before. But she stopped with the exclamation, "Whoever can that be?"

It was a loud, hurried knock at the door. Margaret ran to open it.

"Dr. Ellet!" she exclaimed.

The little old Doctor poked himself in, open umbrella and all, panting and blowing.

"Where's your father?" he asked.

"In there, Doctor. Have you come for him? Is Sir George angry about his being so late?"

"Has Amooore been?"

"No, Doctor."

The Doctor gave a satisfied "Umph!" He would, no doubt, rather be the bearer of good news than bad, but he liked to be the first bearer of either.

"Lattimer," he cried out, panting, across the hall.

"Here, Doctor! What news, what news? What! Have we gained the day without my going at all? That would please me!"

"Gained the day!" grunted the Doctor, sinking on a chair by the door, and panting between every word. "Gained the day. Ugh! I go up to the hall—Amooore and I. You're sure, Miss Margaret, that Amooore hasn't been here?"

"O, no," said the Curate, "your news is as fresh as this very moment."

"I go up to the hall, I find them in the drawing-room—Sir George, the young ladies, Stevens, and some others whom I got there to meet and to support you. I sit down. I listen to the talk a few minutes. I make a discovery, Lattimer."

"Quiet yourself, my dear sir," said the Curate, smiling.

"Quiet myself, sir!" shrieked the Doctor, getting up and taking the Curate by the button-hole, still panting. "I make a discovery, sir; so does Amooore. We both set off at once, only Amooore goes round by the mill, which—ugh! you know—he will have it is the nearest way. I come up the churchyard, and, consequently, get here first. He'll be here directly, and I'll face him with the fact. He can't deny it."

"My dear Doctor, this discovery?" said

"As shown by the sparrows, St. Luke xii.; and further illustrated in the same chapter, from 'Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on,' down to 'How much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

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"And, Margaret," said the Curate, presently, "suppose they had not sent them; suppose I had gone in these, disgraced myself, and lost the rectory; what then?"

Miss Margaret rose up and smiled; then, tremblingly and tearful, but still feeling a little strength, a little justification for her behaviour, she began.

"Papa," she said, sweetly and firmly, "papa, you would not have disgraced yourself; you would only have lost the rectory; and we should only be just as we have been all along. I should have spoken to Harry, and he would never have come here any more. That is how it would have been—how it shall be now if you like, if you cannot wear these things—only do forgive me, papa! It was so hard to do it!"

Mr. Lattimer looked at the clothes and looked at his daughter. Now, I should remark that Miss Margaret, for all her sweetness, ruled over the Curate's house with a certain piquant tyranny. A fortunate thing, too, it was for her, poor motherless soul, that with those wild boys she had it in her; and a natural thing, too, being so very pretty and so very clever, and so very sure that things at the Curate's must all go to ruin without her. I tell you this that you may the better understand Mr. Lattimer's feelings as he stood

by the bedside looking first at the clothes and then at his daughter; offering, with a face so piteously meek, and sorry, and earnest, to give up for him and her little brothers and sisters the love-dream of her life—the one hope she had of release from poverty and toil—Harry Vaughan, whose love, it was whispered, one of Sir George Blount's daughters had tried in vain to win. Should they let her do it, the Curate thought for himself and for his little ones? Should they keep their sweet rose all to themselves, and make that black-eyed Vaughan go about his business? Or should he put the clothes on, go and bear humiliation for her as she had borne it for him, get the rectory, perhaps, and be rid of her? It was a sore struggle. He looked at the clothes, took them up, and said, with a grimace,

"Was he an honest man who wore them, Margaret, I wonder?"

"You'll soon see, papa; they won't fit you unless it was."

"Then I'll put them on."

"O, papa, papa!" She flew and clasped him round the neck, sobbing against his shoulder as though her very heart would break.

"Yes, I'll put them on, and if my flesh creeps I'll say the flesh is proud, and not the clothes vile. I am proud, Margaret; it is the one thing that hinders me about my business. I think many of my cloth are. If so, God forgive us; for it can only be through the magnitude and grandeur of the message we convey, not through the quality of the messengers. There, look up, my pet; I'll put them on like a man, I mean like a charity boy. Come, Margaret, don't frown; there's been many a decent charity boy before me."

"O, don't, papa!"

"Well, I wot. There, run along down stairs and prepare the children for my magnificence; and if a genteel appearance, or thy bravery, my own darling, will win it, never fear. O, I'll get the rectory!"

Miss Margaret ran down, kissed the children all round, and, while moving away the tea things, behaved altogether in so fascinating a manner as to perfectly bewilder them, till at last it got whispered round (for scandal will circulate, even amongst children) that Mr. Vaughan must be coming.

In less than ten minutes Mr. Lattimer came down.

"Now, little ones," he cried, holding out his arms, "what do you think of papa as a charity boy?"

Margaret was not pained this time, because his words were followed by a chorus of small laughter, and by a roar and stamp of the foot in sympathetic merriment from the Curate himself.

"Why, he looks grand—grand," she said, clapping her hands, "and the clothes, I feel positive, never looked half as well before. But she stopped with the exclamation, "Whoever can that be?"

It was a loud, hurried knock at the door. Margaret ran to open it.

"Dr. Ellet!" she exclaimed.

The little old Doctor poked himself in, open umbrella and all, panting and blowing.

"Where's your father?" he asked.

"In there, Doctor. Have you come for him? Is Sir George angry about his being so late?"

"Has Amooore been?"

"No, Doctor."

The Doctor gave a satisfied "Umph!" He would, no doubt, rather be the bearer of good news than bad, but he liked to be the first bearer of either.

"Lattimer," he cried out, panting, across the hall.

"Here, Doctor! What news, what news? What! Have we gained the day without my going at all? That would please me!"

"Gained the day!" grunted the Doctor, sinking on a chair by the door, and panting between every word. "Gained the day. Ugh! I go up to the hall—Amooore and I. You're sure, Miss Margaret, that Amooore hasn't been here?"

"O, no," said the Curate, "your news is as fresh as this very moment."

"I go up to the hall, I find them in the drawing-room—Sir George, the young ladies, Stevens, and some others whom I got there to meet and to support you. I sit down. I listen to the talk a few minutes. I make a discovery, Lattimer."

"Quiet yourself, my dear sir," said the Curate, smiling.

"Quiet myself, sir!" shrieked the Doctor, getting up and taking the Curate by the button-hole, still panting. "I make a discovery, sir; so does Amooore. We both set off at once, only Amooore goes round by the mill, which—ugh! you know—he will have it is the nearest way. I come up the churchyard, and, consequently, get here first. He'll be here directly, and I'll face him with the fact. He can't deny it."

"My dear Doctor, this discovery?" said

the Curate. "You have set our curiosity on edge."

Hearing a footstep outside, and seized with a fear that Amore might yet get the news out before him, the little Doctor determined to be explicit and sudden.

"Lattimer, the living is disposed of."

There was a silence throughout the room. Margaret did not faint nor scream—did not even utter a single exclamation. She sat down by the fire and held Jeannie close to her to shroud her face. The Doctor sat on his chair, panting; the Curate stood erect before him in calm reflection. Presently he turned and held his hand out to his daughter, saying, with a smile, but not a very firm voice—

"Margaret, we can bear it?"

How much there was in the *see!* She understood him.

"Yes, papa," she said, quite firmly, giving him her hand and looking up at him with her eyes full of tears.

"Well, Doctor," said the Curate, getting out the decanter with the little drop of wine in it that was obliged to be kept in the old oak sideboard, let times be ever so hard, "tell us who our new Rector is."

A sudden groan from the Doctor made him turn round; Miss Margaret turned round too.

"The young coxcomb!" he ejaculated. "But I always saw through him, though Amore never could."

"Who has the living?" asked the Curate, point blank, pausing, with the decanter raised in one hand and the glass in the other.

The Doctor mumbled and fidgeted in his chair, and almost wished that Amore would drop in and finish the business.

The Curate set down the glass and decanter and strode across the room to him, saying in deep tones, pregnant with new meaning—

"Dr. Ellet," he said, bringing his clenched hand heavily down on his shoulder, "who has got the living?"

"Who, sir? Why, who but that under-handed young puppy, with his aristocratic airs and graces; that?"

"Who?"

"Harry Vaughan. There! there!"

Another long pause and a deep silence.

"Margaret, my love, can we bear this also?" asked the Curate of his daughter, his voice now a little tremulous.

Her head was bent down on Jeannie's shoulder, but at his voice she lifted it up proudly and again answered—

"Yes, papa."

"You know how it is, of course," said Dr. Ellet; at least, you can guess the rest, as we did. "He's in love with Miss Effie Blount, it appears, and she with him; and Sir George, knowing the young man wouldn't have the audacity to propose marriage on his income, has loosened his tongue for him to-night by bestowing this living. I never knew such a scandalous thing in my life. And he to complain of our interference, too! as if your twenty-eight years of ministry didn't entitle us even to ask him to think of you. But, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and meet Amore, and take him home to have a chat, and see what he says about it."

"Certainly, Doctor. Good evening!" said the Curate in a dry voice, taking up the candle. And, bowing to Miss Margaret, who, however, did not return his salutation, the little Doctor bustled out of the parlor, took up his umbrella, and went forth in search of his friend and double.

The Rev. John Lattimer, after shutting out Dr. Ellet, returned to the parlor, took his boots from the corner and put them on. His movements were sharp and abrupt, and he seemed as though he dared not trust himself to look at Margaret; he could not, however, help turning round just as he was leaving the room. She had put Jeannie down, and sat in the rocking-chair, with her hands clasped in her lap, her head bowed forward on her breast, and all the sweet rose tints gone out of her face, leaving it as pallid as death, and the cloud over her tearless blue eye deepening.

John Lattimer looked at her from where he stood. And this was Margaret, his merry bird, his red rose, his dear, precious little household tyrant, first won from him and then cast back upon his hearth, thus crushed, chilled, smitten to the core. Well, well! He went to her and held out his arms, and she fell into them like a broken flower.

"My pet, my bonny pet," he said, huskily, "her Christmas present, these clothes, shall not now pass for nothing; papa will yet pay his visit to the hall. Children, take care of your sister."

He set her back in the rocking-chair, and Jeannie on her knee, and went out; and for once in his life the Rev. John Lattimer, as he slammed the heavy door behind him, was at last, in his passion, but as a straw in the wind.

CHAPTER II.

To hear that slam of the door, to hear those three or four heavy, desperate footsteps cross the wet road, to hear the swing of the church-yard gate, was to make the stricken heart at the fireside of the Curate's house awakened from the stupor of its first great anguish, and throb with a new terror.

To what would those reckless footsteps lead them all? Ruin! Absolute ruin! He would go to Sir George, to *him*—go, stung with her wrong—would offend them both beyond all forgiveness—would lose the curacy.

Miss Margaret pushed the children away from her, and rose to her feet. Something must be done. What? She pressed her hands to her temples, and her soul sent up a wild, voiceless prayer for help. Was there anything—*ay*, anything—however desperate, she could do to avert the impending blow? Oh, show it to her, and she would do it! For some minutes she struggled helplessly to think of something. At last a thought came. It was a cruel one—so bitter as to make her utter a sharp cry as it struck her—yet she held it fast.

"I will do it," she said, "if it kill me! I will do it!"

Another minute, and Miss Margaret, in her old garden hat and cloak, which she had snatched from the hall chair, was half way through the church-yard. The rain had ceased, and the moon was rising over the hall gables, but the wind was wilder than ever, driving sharply into those blue, onward-gazing eyes, and tearing and tangling all that light, floating hair, as if to remind her mockingly how worthless it had become to him who once was never tired of praising it. The church-yard was soon left behind, the lane entered, and the village lights close before her. On she went, through the miry street, crowded with people, most of whom knew and recognized her, and soon she was running in the dark shade of the rectory garden wall.

The path was narrow, and hearing wheels splashing close to it a little behind her, Margaret stopped for the first time since she had left home, to lean against the rectory gates, and to take breath while the carriage should pass.

A workman, with his bag on his shoulder, was coming through, and he left the gates wide open. Miss Margaret shrank back a little out of the road, into the rectory garden, that the carriage lamps might not reveal her to the inmates, who were doubtless visitors to the hall, and might know her. In an instant, not

the carriage-side, but two horses' heads came in sight, turned towards her, then a light flashed across her face, and the carriage, passing through the gates, rolled up the drive. Miss Margaret turned and looked after it, and saw for the first time, that the house, which for the last month since the old Rector's death had been under repair, appeared to be quite finished, and was all lit up, as if for some party or reception. She guessed the probable meaning instantly; knew who they were in that carriage—the Blounts, of course, come to put the new Rector in possession. In that case, they must surely have left the hall before her father could possibly have reached it. No fresh mischief, then, had been done yet; and now it was for her to act—to do what she had determined upon doing—to avert the blow before he had time to come from the hall to the rectory. "Could she do that thing?" Miss Margaret asked herself; "could she do it, after all?" She looked towards the house. The carriage was just leaving the door, which stood open, and in the hall, with its darkly-polished floor, stood two figures—only two—Harry Vaughan and Miss Effie Blount. He was taking off her heavy black cloak; and when she stood without it, looking round with a languid interest, Miss Margaret shut her eyes at once, dazzled and chilled, and turned her back upon the rectory to leave it forever, and to let things take their own course. But then, when she came out of the gates, and her sick heart turned for comfort to those little ones at home—then, when again she remembered that angry, indignant spirit, which even now must be drawing nearer and nearer, and which, if she left it to wreak its force, must bring them instantaneous ruin—then she turned back.

Miss Margaret turned back; she tried to think of nothing in the world but the words she wished to say—tried to keep her eyes from looking at that open door and cheering hall while she approached it. The rectory had indeed known a resurrection since the Rev. Noel Scott inhabited it, with his dogs and fancy poultry, always working mischief in the garden, and breaking the solitary gardener's heart. Leaving the carriage-drive, which went curving round the lawn to the house, Miss Margaret almost lost herself in the little paths winding in and out among the evergreens, and was obliged to make her way out on to the soft, wet lawn, and run across it, before she could get to the house. That, too, was looking as solidly handsome and comfortable, with

its crimson curtains and glimpses into richly-furnished rooms, as a white, picturesque, round, two-storied and verandahed house could look. As she came nearer to the door, Miss Margaret perceived the hall was deserted. She entered, stood on the mat just within the threshold, and then paused, breathless after her run, and dizzy with the sudden light and warmth. A door on the left of the hall was open, showing a large room, nearly surrounded with book-shelves—half study, half drawing-room—just such a place as she knew Vaughan liked to work in. At that end which the open door revealed to her, she saw no one, but she had stood there scarcely half a minute, before she heard a voice speaking within—

"This is really too bad of papa. He promised to be here first, or I am sure I should not have come."

"I should have been sorry for that," was the reply.

Miss Margaret did not dare to hear more. She shrank back into the shade of the old portico as she heard the rustle of Miss Effie's dress. She watched her across the hall with two white vases in her hands, and enter a room on the opposite side.

"Now," murmured Miss Margaret, with a wild flutter at her heart—"Now, or not at all."

She tore off her hat and cloak, for the vision of fresh, fair elegance that had just passed her made their dowdiness almost unendurable, and pushing her hair from her face, she passed quickly across the hall, entered the door by which Miss Effie had just entered, and closed it after her. Now, Miss Effie was drawing back the heavy damask curtain, and did not hear the closing of that door, nor did she then immediately turn, but stood looking out upon the wild moonlight night. Margaret went up almost close to her. Still she did not turn, but stood with her beautiful arm raised, holding back the red curtain; and presently, as if overburdened with quiet, dreamy happiness, she bent her head upon the window-frame and sighed. Then Margaret touched her, trying to speak her name, but failing, and only moving her lips dumbly. Miss Effie started, and half screamed; but the instant she turned, and saw who stood beside her, she controlled herself by one strong effort, and looked at the pale, breathless girl, with a haughty, questioning gaze. They had seen each other before at church, or at poor people's houses, on visits of charity, but had never spoken; for, besides having a little jealousy

rankling in her heart against Miss Effie, the Curate's daughter was shy, and had always done her utmost to shun the beautiful young lady whom Harry and every one praised so for her cleverness, her magnificent Italian singing, and her generosity to the poor. Now, a certain instinct, vague, but unquestionably true, told Margaret that Miss Effie knew her as well as she knew Miss Effie at this moment, and the gaze of distant, proud surprise burned into her heart. It was a new and exquisitely painful humiliation heaped upon the previous wrong—this fact which Miss Effie's look wanted to make her feel, namely, that she was so far from acknowledging an infringement upon Margaret's claim with regard to Vaughan, as to pretend even an utter ignorance of Margaret's self. She tried to forget all this—tried to speak; but her heart swelled, and her lips were tied with as haughty a silence as Miss Effie's, and for nearly a minute there stood the two girls—face to face—looking at each other; Miss Effie with her back to the window, and the red firelight dancing up her tall, full figure, bringing out the golden threads that were mixed with her rich brown hair, and revealing by fits a pale, imperial brow, proud, melancholy, hazel eyes, a carmine cheek, a thin, sweet, tremulous mouth, a beauty in which was mingled a May freshness and an August coloring, a beauty which Margaret could not in her heart for one moment deny. And there was the Curate's little daughter, with the keen moonlight upon her, looking, with her tangled, colorless hair, and white, anguished face, like a pink rose blanched by a single night of frost. And the two girls looked at each other, both in proud silence: and while they looked, and ere either had yet spoken, came hurried, heavy footsteps, crushing along the new gravel. The chilled rose could stand proudly on its stalk no longer; being human, it must shiver and speak—

"O! Miss Effie, Miss Effie!" Margaret cried, clasping her hands beseechingly, and bursting into tears "help me—save us. O, speak to Harry! Tell him papa is coming—that he is pained and angry with him. He will speak hard words to him; but O, Miss Effie! ask him, for my sake—no, no, I beg your pardon, I didn't mean that—for the children's sake, ask him not to mind—not to quarrel with him! It will ruin us, Miss Effie, if he quarrels with him. O, go, go and speak to Harry, while I keep him back a minute!"

During this appeal Miss Effie looked down

into the pale, pleading face, relaxing not a whit the proud expression of her own, and when Margaret ceased speaking, she said, coldly—

"Do you know you have never yet told me who you are?"

Margaret's face grew rigid again, and her eyes cloudy, but at the sound of a footstep in the hall, she clasped Miss Effie's arm with both her hands, and cried, in a husky, passionate voice—

"Effie Blount, you know me—you know me well enough; if you don't I'll tell you who I am—I am Margaret Lattimer. Do you know me now? You are generous, Harry says: then don't make me humiliate myself any more. You are proud—then remember that I have had to pay dearly for all your happiness, and make me this return that I ask for your pride's sake. O, Miss Effie, it will be too late! Quick! I hear them talking! O, come!"

Margaret ran to the door. Mr. Lattimer had just entered as Harry Vaughan was crossing the hall, towards the room in which they were.

"Mr. Lattimer," he said, meeting him with outstretched hand, and slightly heightened color.

The Curate did not take his hand, but fronted him under the hall lamp, with a sharp, scrutinizing glance.

"So Vaughan, we meet, face to face."

Vaughan bit his lip, and looked down on the polished floor, then threw an impatient glance towards Miss Effie, and saw Margaret standing by her. He made a step towards them, but Mr. Lattimer stopped him.

"Vaughan!"

"Well sir?" returned Vaughan sharply, stung by the Curate's tone.

"Miss Effie! Miss Effie! for Heaven's sake speak!" pleaded Margaret.

But Miss Effie looked down upon her with her calm, proud, melancholy eyes, and smiled, actually smiled upon her, in all her humiliation and fear.

Margaret then turned away from her in despair—almost hatred, and went to her father—

"Come away, papa. Oh, come away!"

"Be silent, Margaret," said her father, sternly. "Vaughan, I am unwilling to speak before this lady; but I must have some plain words with you to-night. Take me where you will, but I leave not till they are spoken."

"Mr. Lattimer," said Miss Effie, haughtily, "whatever charge you have to make

against Mr. Vaughan with regard to my father's behaviour, you will please to make before me."

"Very well, madam. Then I ask you, Harry Vaughan, have you considered at what peril you do all this?" demanded the Curate, in a deeper and more threatening tone. "I will tell you, sir; honor, manliness, truth—this is the price you have paid for your bargain."

Miss Effie's eyes seemed to flash like fire, as she caught the Curate's gaze.

"Mr. Lattimer," cried Vaughan, turning fiercely, and Margaret knew that the worst had come, for how could there be peace after this? "Mr. Lattimer!" But he stopped suddenly; Miss Effie had gone up to him at last. She was not altogether stone, then, Margaret owned, in spite of her bitter dislike of her. She was at last deigning to act the fine lady, and to plead for the poor, savage, disappointed Curate, that he might keep his curacy, in spite of all his raving about his daughter's wrong. She only hoped now that she might be able to endure her bounty without some violent outburst, for she felt a heat within her she had never known in her life before.

"Harry," said Miss Effie, and in speaking that name, Margaret discovered for the first time that her voice was thrillingly sweet—

"Harry, I will answer Mr. Lattimer." But she turned first to Miss Margaret, saying—

"Margaret Lattimer, you think you have cause of bitterness against me. You suffered great humiliation just now, when you came to ask me to plead for your father with Harry Vaughan. I did not make it easier for you by promising at once, as you thought I might have done. I allowed you to humble, yourself before me, that you might feel for another when the time of her humiliation came. It has come."

"Effie!" said Vaughan, deprecatingly.

She looked towards him with a faint smile, half tender, half sad.

"Thank you, Harry; but I begin to understand at last. You have done your best to prevent any rude shocks, while I have been wandering like a child in the dark; and now that there is light breaking, you still wish to spare me—to spare my pride. Harry, I am too proud to be thus dealt with."

"My dear Effie," again interposed Vaughan.

"Harry Vaughan, be silent. You might have spoken sooner, and I would have thanked you. But no, I did not mean to say that; I was unjust; but do not again interrupt me."

"Mr. Lattimer," continued she, turning

towards him, and away from Margaret, "we have been thrown much together, Vaughan and I. He honored me with his confidence in many things—I thought in all. He was poor, and proud, and constrained—so I fancied—to bury in his breast any—any—wishes—he might be secretly nourishing. He could not speak to my father, so I spoke for him when the late Rector died."

Miss Effie paused; her tones had been hard and low, yet wavering at times for an instant, only, however, to become again harder than before. Her face, at one moment crimson, changed in like manner to a terrible pallor. The expression, alone, never changed from its resolute sternness, which gave an almost awful beauty to the noble features and proudly-set head. The pause was but for a moment; then she resumed:—

"My father had always liked him, and now liked him still more for what he esteemed his long and honorable silence. He was, also, as you know, a distant relative. When the rectory became vacant, my father determined he should have it. He sent for him; but as soon as he began to speak, Harry urgently entreated him to give it you—so urgently, that my father was both surprised and offended. But, believing it only excess of delicacy on his part, he bade him take time for reflection—tell him (Sir George) of his decision before revealing it to any one else, and then dropped the words—'Go to Effie, and talk the matter over with her.'"

"He came to me, repeated his refusal, and begged me to promote the transfer of Sir George's favor to you. I was hurt by the request. I, like my father, supposed he was afraid of the seeming treachery to you, which we knew to be utterly without foundation. For his sake, and—as he may have guessed—for my own, I wished him to accept the rectory; but he still refused. I waited and wondered. Coming here to meet my father, I have been able to discover the rest."

As she ceased, she again turned towards Margaret, advanced, saw the yearning look in those blue eyes, and the slight quivering of the lip, advanced still nearer, put out her hand to draw back some of the dishevelled hair from Margaret's brow, drew her towards her, stamped a kiss on the bending forehead, and turned away, she not speaking a single word to Margaret, or Margaret to her.

"Harry, my boy," said the Curate, holding out his hand, with tears in his eyes, "you don't mean to say you're not a rector at all?"

"No, indeed, that he is not," said Miss Effie, with an attempt to smile. "On the contrary, he is waiting, I imagine, in considerable trepidation, to learn what chance there is for him in the curacy. He resigns Bittlestone, of course, where we have been accustomed to him so long, and must now, I hope, trust to you, Mr. Lattimer."

"To me!" said the Curate, pushing the hair off his brow, in undisguised amazement.

"Wait—I think I hear Sir George's carriage. Excuse me for a moment." She left the room and went into the garden. The carriage was just entering the gates. She went to meet it, beckoning to the coachman to stop where he was. As the coachman lowered the step, she said to him—

"Tell John to walk the horses once round the grounds, before sitting us down."

"Papa," said she, hurriedly, to the gentleman within, who was closely muffled up in furs—"I have sadly committed myself, and you alone can bring me off handsomely. But do not blame Harry; it was all my mistake."

"You mean he doesn't want the rectory after all?"

"No, papa; I mean that he doesn't want me."

Sir George moved as if stung. There was an angry exclamation, and then silence on both sides. Presently he said—

"Of course he gives up the rectory?"

"Papa, your promise!—unsolicited, too! Would you have it said that you bargained for me, and withdrew the rectory because he refused the daughter?"

"Why, Effie, you talk absurdly. I would rather, a thousand times, give it to that poor, half-starved Lattimer. In his way, he'd be a credit to the Church—if not exactly to me—and to my drawing-room."

"Papa, I have anticipated your very thought. Mr. Lattimer waits now a welcome from you."

"Here, John, turn round and drive home directly. You're a fool, Effie."

About this time there was a little bustle at the rectory door, an open umbrella cast into the hall, and the next instant Dr. Ellet had seized Vaughan by the hand.

"I congratulate you, my dear fellow. I don't know a man in the county worthier of the post. Am I the first, or has Amoor been before me? He's such a gossip, and has such a weakness for short cuts. Bless me! Sir George here too? Quite a party."

Yes, Sir George had come back, moved by

some still more forcible logic that Miss Effie had managed to apply.

"I come to welcome the new Rector, Sir George."

"And I," said Sir George, extending his white and jewelled hand with a condescending flourish to Mr. Lattimer—"I have come to do the same, Mr. Lattimer, and to wish you health to enjoy your new dignity."

"Eh? what? Lattimer?" shrieked the little Doctor. "Nonsense!"

"Sir!" said Sir George, turning upon him with majestic surprise, as he tapped his gold snuff-box. "Did you speak?"

"Sir! Sir George! is Lattimer the Rector after all? Is he really, though?"

"Yes, sir; most assuredly he is."

"But what did I hear this very morning, Sir George, from you in your drawing-room?"

"Sir," said Sir George, evidently with extreme annoyance, "you heard stale news, which you will oblige me by not alluding to again."

"Well, bless my soul! Lattimer, I do congratulate you! Really, what a marvellous transition of things."

The Doctor ran to fetch his umbrella, then said, "Here's a bit of news for Amore! I might tell it to him first, if I could but intercept him. Excuse me, Lattimer, I'll go. If I don't meet Amore before I get to the cross-roads, there's no saying how he'll come—he's so fond of short cuts. And if you get him here, you'll have him for goodness knows how long—he is such a gossip. Good-night! Excuse my short visit. I shall come again." And off he went.

"And I, too, Mr. Lattimer, must be going. Effie waits in the carriage at the door; but I won't threaten to come again, not till you are comfortably settled. I have friends at home, and only came in at my daughter's wish, to give you welcome to the Rectory. May I ask for your arm? Gout, did you say? O no, sir; merely a slight rheumatic attack, I assure you. Nothing to do with gout, sir. No sir, no—nothing whatever."

* * * * *

"Effie, I wonder what made Lattimer always dress so badly? He looks to-day quite the gentleman. On the whole, I am not sorry for what I have done."

Pity that Miss Margaret could not hear those words which fell from Sir George as he dropped into his seat. And yet if she had, she would have shivered to think of Sir George's feelings if he should ever guess or discover the source of the only new gentlemanliness the Curate had to-day put on.

Mr. Lattimer stood in the garden after the carriage had rolled away, wiping his brow. He felt he could not go into the house again immediately. He wanted the feeling of reality, the fresh air, the starry skies, the solid earth. Was all this true? Was he the Rector of his own beloved parish—fixed for life in comfort there, where all his affections, aspirations, were also fixed? He turned to walk round the basement of the house, amongst the wet, rustling laurels. His heart was growing too full. He wanted to get back into the shade of his old thoughts and old feelings, in order to examine closely the change that had come to him, and see that it was really good, for in the house, in the midst of his happiness, the glare was too much for him; he did not know himself. So he walked round between the evergreens and the house. As he walked, he suddenly saw a light across his path. He looked up; it was from a window. He only gave one glance into it, then turned quickly away. Yes, quickly, and with eyes full of tears.

What had he seen? Why, only a black, kneeling figure, with two fair arms locked around it, and a stream of light hair. Only that! But, coming upon him suddenly thus, when he was trying to get out of the too vivid sunshine of his prosperity, it was almost too much for the strong man. He hurriedly walked away, further round the house. Another light across his path! Again he looked upwards, but this time he was obliged to shade his eyes with his hand. The French windows stood open wide. Was it a picture in a dream he saw within that room—those children standing there, so strangely resembling his own children, except that they were silent and awed? He stepped in, like a moth to the glare. At the moment he was caught sight of by the scared and wondering little things, they set up a great shouting and clapping of hands, for all that which had seemed like a wild dream before, became at the sight of papa a sure reality.

"Who brought you here?" he said, his voice more agitated than it had yet been.

"Harry Vaughan sent for us directly you and Maggy had gone, papa. He wanted a grand lady to see us."

The Rev. Mr. Lattimer understood then how his new Curate had been plotting to spare Miss Effie the pangs of a refusal, while intending by the visit to the hall, to bring things to a climax, if she had not saved him the trouble.

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY IV.

Henry of Lancaster was crowned September 30, 1399, at the age of thirty-three. He had no legal right to the throne, even after Richard's resignation of it, as Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was descended from the second son of Edward the Third, was one degree nearer the throne, Henry's father being the third son of Edward; but as the Parliament favored Henry's claims, he was proclaimed king, and the right of the Earl of March was disregarded. Henry fearing that Edmund, who was but seven years old, might at some time attempt to recover his rights, confined him in Windsor Castle. Henry was an accomplished warrior and statesman, and remarkable for his fine person and graceful manners. Early in life, he married Mary de Bohun, the co-heiress of the Earl of Hereford; she died young. After he was crowned, he married Joanna, the widow of John de Montford, Duke of Bretagne.

Henry was in great danger from the many plots and conspiracies that were formed against him, and his life was made miserable by constant apprehensions of danger; he certainly had need of every precaution. The calamities of the deposed king began to excite the compassion of the nation, and the right of Henry to the crown was controverted by many of the nobles. In less than three months after he was crowned, a dangerous conspiracy was formed against him by nobles who were attached to Richard, but it was soon discovered by Henry, and all the nobles concerned in it were beheaded.

Henry imagined he should never be safe while Richard lived, and to secure himself against similar attempts, he caused Richard to be murdered. But his death did not insure quiet, for one conspiracy succeeded another, and each one had to be crushed and punished with great severity.

The Scots and Welsh, encouraged by these troubles, considered it a favorable time to recover their independence. The Welsh were commanded by Owen Glendower, a gentleman of great spirit and courage, and possessing all the qualifications requisite for the undertaking. He proclaimed himself Prince of Wales, in right of his ancestors, and for seven years he baffled all Henry's efforts to subdue him; but the repeated failures of the Welsh finally induced them to return to their allegiance, as their victories had insured them no

lasting advantage. The Scots were led by Lord Douglas, who invaded the north of England; but they were defeated, and Douglas, with many other lords and officers of distinction, was taken prisoner by the Earl of Northumberland, and his son, Henry Percy, commonly called Hotspur. This victory would have been of great advantage to the king had he been less arbitrary, but he demanded that all persons of distinction who had been captured should be delivered up to him. This interference the Percys highly resented, as at that time prisoners belonged to their captors.

The Earl of Northumberland and his brother, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, were two of the most powerful barons in England, and had contributed more than any others to place Henry on the throne. Now the king had given them just cause of offence, and they resolved to hurl him from his position, and give the crown to Mortimer, to whom it belonged. They released Douglas, who engaged to assist in their enterprise, and invited Glendower to join them. But they were unsuccessful; Henry Percy was killed, Douglas was taken prisoner, the royal army was victorious, and many of the nobles were put to death.

Another rebellion immediately broke out, led by the Archbishop of York; but, by an act of perfidy and falsehood on the king's part, the leaders were taken and beheaded. This was the first instance in England of a bishop being put to death.

A son of King Robert the Third, of Scotland, being on his way to France, was captured by an English vessel, and conveyed to Henry, who committed him to the Tower, with his attendants, and kept him a prisoner. He was ransomed by the people of Scotland, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, after being confined eighteen years. Henry gave him a good education, and he made an excellent king. He was but ten years old when taken. He was James the First, who reformed many abuses, and made good laws.

The last year of Henry's life was without war, as his enemies were all conquered; but the reflections of his own mind were a source of perpetual unhappiness, and his son Henry caused him great trouble, leading a disorderly life. His health, too, was failing rapidly. During his reign he persecuted the followers of Wickliffe. Henry died March 20, 1413. He was forty-six years old, and had reigned thirteen years. He left four sons and two daughters.

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MARY, WIFE OF HENRY IV.

The first wife of Henry the Fourth, Mary de Bohun, was not a queen of England, though she was the mother of a king. She was the great-grand-daughter of Edward the First and Eleanor of Castile, and the richest heiress in England, excepting her sister, who had married Henry's uncle, Gloucester. She was devoted to a religious life, but evaded that destiny by marrying Henry of Lancaster, in 1384. She was very amiable and beautiful, and much beloved by her many friends. She died ten years after her marriage, leaving six children, four sons and two daughters.

Henry derived his title of Duke of Hereford from her. After he came to the throne of England, he founded Sion Abbey, and caused masses to be said by its monks for the repose of her soul, under the title of Queen Mary. She was buried within King's College, Leicester. She was personally acquainted with Wickliffe, and much interested in his followers. He died a few months after her marriage, and her husband joined with her in lamenting his death, and in honoring his memory. But after he came to the throne, he was so desirous of gaining the affections of the clergy, that he adopted their views, and recommended to his Parliament the extirpation of heresy, and obtained an act that condemned to the flames all dissenters. Henry the Fourth was the first English monarch who burned the bodies of his subjects for the benefit of their souls. Henry's will, made a year before his death, shows the deep remorse and self-condemnation that accompanied him to the grave.

JOANNA, QUEEN OF HENRY IV.

Joanna was a daughter of Charles d'Albret, King of Navarre. His mother was the only child of Louis the Tenth, of France. The mother of Joanna was Jane, the daughter of the unfortunate John, King of France. When Joanna was sixteen, she was betrothed to John de Montfort, Duke of Bretagne, who had already been twice married, but had no children. They were soon after married, and the Duke gave a succession of feasts of the most splendid description in honor of his young bride. Joanna possessed great influence over her husband, and treated him with fond regard. About a year before the death of the Duke, Henry of Bolingbroke came to him in trouble, when he cheerfully rendered the assistance he desired. It was at this time that Joanna first became acquainted with Henry. Before John died, he appointed

Joanna regent for their eldest son. They had nine children, and lived together thirteen years.

About three years after the death of the Duke, Joanna and Henry were married. By artifice she had obtained liberty from the Pope to marry whom she pleased, otherwise she could not have married Henry, who had been educated in the principles of Wickliffe. Joanna appointed her uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, guardian for her children, and took her two youngest daughters with her to England. She was now about thirty-three years old, and represented as very beautiful. Her exemplary conduct as the wife of John, who was old and irritable, and the excellence of her government as regent for her eldest son, afforded evidence of her prudence and wisdom.

Henry and his queen lived together in great harmony for ten years. They had no children. Her conduct as a step-mother was very satisfactory to all—even Prince Henry employed her influence to obtain his father's consent to the marriage of Edmund Mortimer.

When Henry V. came to the throne, Joanna was treated with high consideration, and she enjoyed the favor and confidence of the king in a remarkable degree. He soon engaged in a war with France, and at the first battle, the husband of Joanna's eldest daughter and her brother were killed, and her son Arthur taken prisoner; but she walked in procession to Westminster Abbey, to return thanks for the victory. Soon after, Joanna was arrested and imprisoned for five years, but was liberated by Henry just before his death, and lived in princely prosperity for many years. She died in the reign of Henry VI., in 1437.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

One Man's Work.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

"Mr. Northam?"

There was a little hesitancy—a little doubt, or reluctance which inhered in the lady's articulation.

"Well, what is it!" asked Mr. Benjamin Northam, settling himself back in his easy-chair, and opening his paper. He was in his after-dinner mood, which was always his most complacent one. He sat there, a heavy-framed, stolid, pompous man, with a rather hard-featured, yet on the whole, not uncomely face: a face which, however, the more you studied it, the less you found to like in it.

A certain hardness and coarseness interpenetrated it. The gray eyes were keen and cold. You would not have liked to have been that man's debtor, or to have solicited a favor of him. The tones with which he answered his wife were not inviting. There was something in them which, to very fine intuitions, implied that the man was conscious he was master of her and his house, and that in one way or another he would make others feel it also.

There was a little pause before the words came. The lady sat opposite her husband, in the little graceful alcove which opened out of the parlors. Any one watching her narrowly might have perceived that she was agitated, and making a desperate effort to overcome the feeling. Her fingers played nervously with a paper-folder, which she had taken from the little table on her right. At last she looked up, and said, "I have heard from Calvin, to-day."

The words came out steady, but hurried, as though they cost her an effort; but her face, a little quieter and paler than usual, witnessed for her now, that having said the words, she would stand by them, and that she had, if necessary, some reserve courage to fall back upon.

Mr. Northam's first look was one of astonishment; then his brow darkened angrily.

"I thought, Mrs. Northam, that subject was never to be mentioned between us."

"And I have always complied with your wishes in the matter, as you know; but the time for speaking has come now. The letter is not from my brother, but a friend of his, Mr. Cleveland King, who happens to be with him," and here Mrs. Northam paused a breath, to thank God that her brother was entirely and absolutely out of her husband's power, "and with whose name you doubtless are acquainted. The gentleman writes me that Calvin has been very ill."

"Your brother's health is no concern of mine, and I had rather not have the subject intruded on me," was the unfeeling rejoinder, and with a lowering face, and what he intended should be a majestic air of disapproval, the speaker settled himself to his paper.

"But it is of mine—his own sister's." The lady's courage was evidently rising—a small flame burned steadily in her pale cheek. "He is absent from college at this time, at a hotel, and among entire strangers, saving for the presence of Mr. King, who is compelled to return to the city."

"Mrs. Northam, what is to be the end of all this?" asked her husband, putting down his paper, and confronting his wife's face, and confronting, too, something there which he never had done before.

"Simply that my brother is very ill, and needs my care, and I must go to him for a day or two, at least."

Mr. Northam was thoroughly astounded. His authority contemned, his will set at defiance in his own house, and by his wife, too; the gentle child-woman who had always stood in awe of his will and temper, and whom he had found so easy to bend to his authority. The worst side of the man was aroused—the hard, inflexible side, for generally, Benjamin Northam, if he had his own way, and received a certain deference from those about him, which pleased his vanity, was in tolerably good humor.

He brought down his hand on the table.

"Mrs. Northam," he thundered, "you shall not leave this house to go to your brother, be he dead or alive. I forbid that," all his temper roused now.

She rose up quietly; the flame had quite died out of her face and left it white as ashes, still there was a look on it such as we fancy some kind of Generals might wear at the head of an army, just before they gave the order to charge on the enemy, she, the little, delicate, shrinking woman.

"Do it if you dare, Benjamin Northam!" said low and emphatic, the white lips of his wife.

The man was taken aback. He had never confronted a spirit like that; for the moment blank amazement superseded the hot anger in his face; but it burned back in a moment, for Mr. Northam had too much aggressiveness and determination to have it easily overcome.

"This is really very ridiculous of you, Mrs. Northam. You'd better think twice before you take it on yourself to disobey my commands."

"I have, Benjamin Northam. I should be very likely to do that, when you know that from the hour I became your wife, I have been obedient to every wish of yours, and have yielded my own rights, my own wishes, my own happiness, so many times to yours; and you know, too, whether you have dealt, generously or justly by the woman you prevailed upon with promises you have not kept, to marry you in her early girlhood, before she was old enough to understand you, or comprehend her own rights, and brought her to the home

where you have been more of a tyrant than a husband to her!"

The words, or rather the truth in the words, stung the self-sufficient man—stung him into fiercer anger; and yet, he began to feel a kind of respect for his young wife which he had never felt before. He found there was some latent force and spirit in her, which he had never suspected until now.

"When you get through, I will answer, Mrs. Northam," was the sneering retort, but in his secret soul he had a feeling that he was losing ground in this talk.

"I want only a few moments, and I shall be done. I have made up my mind to take the evening train to my sick, it may be, dying brother. If you turn me out of your house now and forever, I shall go. If by violence you compel me to remain away from him, I shall tell this whole story on the very first opportunity which I have, and you can best tell whose side public opinion will take in this matter; and whether there is one man or woman for whose respect you will care, who will not absolutely despise and condemn you for your cruelty, for I shall hold nothing back; the world shall know the whole, and that your only reason for persecuting my only brother, for forbidding him your house, and commanding me never to utter his name in your presence, was simply and entirely because he feared to give his only sister, when she was little more than a child, into your power, lest you should not make her, what I solemnly declare before God you have not, a kind and tender husband! And I shall tell, also, that when my fatherless, motherless brother lay sick, and it may be dying, in a strange place, among strangers, you refused to let me go to his side, you even compelled me to remain away from him, when I besought you to let me, the only sister he had on earth, go to him, to do for him what I could with my presence and care; and you know, too, that when this story is circulated of you, throughout this city, as, if you drive me to desperation, it surely shall be, there is not a decent man or woman in it who will not call you a brute."

It was strong language, and put in a way that would tell best with a man like Benjamin Northam, for like most pompous, conceited people, who have made for themselves a position, and pride themselves on it, he was sensitive respecting the opinions of others, and the fear of social ridicule or contempt was one of his weak points. He had sense enough to

perceive that his wife was in the right, and if she disclosed the simple facts concerning this treatment of her and her brother, all his wealth would not procure him indemnity from the indignation and contempt of the community.

He looked in her face once more. There it stood—pale, resolute, defiant to the death. She would do all she said; he felt it. He, Benjamin Northam, was in this one, little, fragile woman's power. He must yield. The knowledge galled and infuriated him; he would do it in the way to preserve his insulted dignity, and wound her as was much as possible. So he cleared his throat, and rose up—

"Mrs. Northam," attempting by a new accession of dignity to atone for his waning authority, "I have no time to waste with you to-day in such matters. If you desire to go into tragedies, I wish you to understand once for all, that it is quite out of my line. You know already my wishes in the matter, but as I never have used violence, as you term it, to compel you into obedience, so neither shall I do it now, and you will take your own course," and he walked out of the room, and slammed the door.

Mrs. Northam had triumphed. For a moment her face showed it, kindling into a kind of fierce exultation. Then she sank down into her chair—the spirit which had sustained her broke down.

"I've conquered this time," murmured the poor young wife. "I shall go to Calvin, but oh, what a price I've paid for it," and a look of mingled agony and disgust tortured the fair face of Helen Northam. "To frighten my husband into justice, to be compelled to threaten the man whom I ought to honor and love into an act of simple humanity towards his wife, oh, it's terrible, it's terrible!" and sobs shook her to and fro as the branches of pines are shaken by storms on the sea shore, and she clasped the palms of her small hands together in her anguish and desolation, as she thought how she must carry this great sorrow and shame through all her life, and Helen Northam needed to pray as she did, "God be pitiful to me."

But she had gained a greater victory than she suspected, for from that hour Helen Northam was mistress of her own house. Her husband did not forget the desperate spirit that he had once roused in his young wife, and he did not care to encounter it again. Of course he was pompous and self-conceited, and liked to make as great a display of his

authority as ever, but the essence of domestic absolutism had disappeared. His wife had met him once on his own ground, and vanquished him. Then the way in which she had put his tyranny to himself had a profound effect, for he saw how it must appear to others, and the esteem of his fellow men was something Benjamin Northam could not afford to lose.

Had his wife been in his power, as, but for Cleveland King she surely must, the matter would have been entirely changed; and it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the man would have been reached sufficiently by his wife's supplications and anguish to save her brother from the exposure of his crime and the disgrace which must inevitably have followed it.

But when his own conduct was placed before him in a light which he saw very plainly would outrage public sentiment and result in his own disgrace, then Benjamin Northam felt as nearly guilty, and experienced something as closely resembling compunctions of conscience as it was possible for a nature so pompous and self-inflated to do. He saw through the world's eyes, and his wife had actually made him for once stand in fear of her, and the lesson was one he would not be likely to forget. It was of course very contemptible, but there are a great many contemptible men in the world, and probably will be—till the Millennium.

"Come in," said the voice of Calvin Humphrey to the soft knock which came at his door with the early day. Cleveland King had been obliged to leave him late the night before, and the young convalescent had been watching the morning sunshine as it spattered the walls and lay bright on the floor of his chamber, and while he watched, Calvin Humphrey held solemn communion with himself.

The door opened softly—the sweet tremulous face of a woman put itself inside the room—

"Oh, Helen!" Calvin Humphrey lifted his head from his pillow, and his heart was in his cry.

She sprang forward, and the next moment the brother and sister were in each other's arms. There were no words for the next half hour. They wept out together, as children do, some of the pain and sorrow that was in both their hearts.

"Oh, Helen, it was good—it was like you to come to me now," and the young student

caressed the pale, wistful face with his hand. "I began to fear that *he* would prevent your coming."

Something of the dauntless, defiant look of the day before returned to Mrs. Northam's face.

"He tried to," she said, "but I stood up and dared him to do it to his face, and for the first time in his life Benjamin Northam was afraid of me."

"And you have travelled all night to get to my bed-side, poor little sister!"

She smiled out of her face, that looked pale and weary now, for want of sleep.

"Oh, Calvin, the night didn't seem long because I was coming to *you*!"

And then the magnitude of his sin—the shame and anguish it must have wrought for the sister who, for his sake, would have sacrificed her life, came over the young student as they never had done before. He clasped his hands over his pale face burning up suddenly into shame and anguish, and his voice choked through the words—

"Oh, Helen, can you forgive me!"

Her answer came in a whisper, soft as an angel's might—

"I did that, Calvin, before I came here."

He looked up now, with eyes full of tender reverence—

"Oh, Helen, if you knew it all you would think my suffering had atoned for my sin."

She clung to him now; the emotion and her face telling what she would not allow her lips to—all that she had suffered.

"Oh, Calvin, for the sake, and in the name of our dead father and mother, for the sake of your own soul here and hereafter, and for the sake of my heart that will break for grief if you do, promise me that you will never yield to this temptation again!"

He held her hands and looked up in her face—

"Helen, can you trust me?" he asked.

Calvin Humphrey's face was at that moment for a sign and a witness for him. His sister looked at him, and answered, fervently—

"Yes, Calvin, from my soul I do trust you."

Afterwards there was silence betwixt them. Mrs. Northam remained three days with her brother, and during that time the invalid recuperated rapidly, and was able to ride out with his sister the morning before she left.

Those three days were, on the whole, the happiest which the two had passed since the careless, happy boy and girlhood which grew up under their uncle's roof; their good-

natured improvident uncle, whose last days had been his worst, for he had not the moral courage to meet the consequences of his own mistakes and betrayal of his trusts, and consequently sacrificed his niece to save himself.

But Mrs. Northam and her brother, in so far as it was possible, during this time, put the inevitably dark side of their lives out of sight. They were both young and of bright and hopeful natures, and the recuperative forces of youth were yet strong in both. They talked of the old, happy days; they laid plans for the future, they comforted and strengthened each other, and when the last hour of Mrs. Northam's visit drew near, they both looked wonderfully better and happier.

"I shall get down to college by next week, and, Helen, I mean to make up for lost time," said Calvin Humphrey, gravely, as his sister sat by his side, her hand clasped in his, for the inexorable hour was nigh.

"You must not work too hard, dear," with a kind of mother-fondness in eyes that looked on the face she was so soon to leave.

"I shall go through New York. You will come to see me at the depot?"

"No, you must come to see me next time!"

The student started in amazement.

"No, Helen, I shall not subject myself to insult from your husband," he answered, after a little pause, and the look Mr. Northam had seen in his wife's face, was in her brother's now. "You know he would only turn me out of the house."

"If I believed that, Calvin, I should not ask you to come; but I have not lived for the last four years in vain, with Benjamin Northam. I have found there is one thing which he does stand in awe and fear of, and that is *public opinion*. Rather than brave this, I believe he will allow you to visit me, or, at least, withdraw his overt opposition to it. Yes, Calvin, you must stop at our house on your way to college," and Mrs. Northam rose up lightly, and went to her own room, for her watch hands were creeping towards the last moment.

"What a sister she is!" murmured Calvin Humphrey, and he shut his eyes—shutting down the tears in them, too.

But she had caught the words, and came back a moment after with her bonnet on.

"Say, rather, Calvin," she said, with her sweet smile a little tremulous, "*what* a friend we had!"

"I do say that many times every day."

The event proved that Mrs. Northam had judged her husband rightly. She found him

on her return, sullen and reticent, and he maintained a somewhat morose demeanor for several days; but he did not once allude to her visit, neither did she.

It happened that the day on which Calvin Humphrey wrote his sister she might expect him in New York, her husband was quite unusually summoned out of town on business. His complaisance, such as it was, had returned to him by this time; indeed, in several instances he had avoided annoying his wife after his old fashion.

"I shall be gone three days, Helen," he said to her, "and if you feel timid about sleeping alone in your part of the house, I'll send our head book-keeper up each night during my absence."

The young wife was always touched at any little courtesy or thoughtfulness on her husband's part, which proved that he cared anything for her beyond the mere pride which he took in her as a graceful and crowning adornment to his home—the same sort of pride which he had for his horses, and which, after all, was nothing but self-worship; and there was a timid entreaty in Mrs. Northam's eyes as she looked up—

"Thank you; my brother has written me that he shall be in New York for a day or two on his return to college. I hope you will not object to his stopping here?"

The heavy brow lowered—there was a murky gleam of anger in the gray eyes.

"I have told you once for all, Mrs. Northam, that your brother shall never cross my threshold, and he never shall."

That was not the way to deal with this man. Gentleness, timidity, entreaty, roused the aggressiveness and the tyrant within him. The latent spirit that Benjamin Northam had once seen in his wife was awake again. She was out of her chair in a moment; her face steadfast, her lips resolute, her eyes blazing—

"Very well, Mr. Northam. If my brother cannot cross my threshold, I shall simply accompany him to your partner's, explain how he has been, and is, and from what cause debarred from your threshold, and ask permission to have him remain there, where I can daily see him during his brief visit. I am certain *they* will not refuse so just a request, and you can make your choice betwixt your own house and your partner's, for I shall surely do as I have said."

"The d—l you will, ma'am," said Benjamin Northam, looking at his wife in a kind of blank amazement—in a kind of new respect,

too, which, for the moment, superseded his anger.

"Yes, I shall," she said, seating herself once more, quietly, and when he looked at her face, he knew she would, too.

He brought down his hand heavily on the table; he swore a fierce oath at her, then Benjamin Northam rose up and went out of the room, slamming the door after him.

Mrs. Northam had triumphed the second time, but each one cost her, as it must any refined, right-minded woman, a terrible wear and tear of soul and body.

Four years had passed away. Most of this time Cleveland King had passed abroad, it having become necessary for one of the partner's of his house to give personal supervision to its financial relations in Europe; and the youngest one's tastes and character were peculiarly fitted for this department.

Cleveland King had, after three years, returned to his native land. He had travelled a great part of this time, and, as all true travelers should, he had lived as far as was possible the life of the people amidst whom he sojourned. New aspects of life, social, civil, political and religious, had presented themselves to his observation and study. He had learned much; he had interested himself in the forms of government, the national development in all its varied phases of the people among whom he dwelt; and he was a man to go right down into the quick and essence of things, not to be satisfied with any mere artistic and surface views.

Of course these four years had wrought many changes in the man—had made him larger, more liberal in thought and feeling; but the tender heart, the warm, generous instincts, the childlike faith combined with that sterling principle and integrity which nothing could shake or corrupt—these were still a part of Cleveland King.

Of Mrs. Northam he had heard but once, and that was about a year after he had left America. He happened to be in Brussels at the time, and there received a letter from her, enclosing the twenty-five hundred dollars for which she was his debtor. It was a brief letter—one that touched Cleveland King, for the emotions which inspired it had overswayed the writer's heart and broke into her words.

Of course he acknowledged her letter, and there was an end of the correspondence; but often amid his wanderings the pale, sweet face of the fair young wife rose up before

Cleveland King, as he had seen it in the midst of her home of desolate grandeur, and his heart ached for her.

One day, not long after his return, he ventured to mention Mrs. Northam's name to his sister in a tone of studied indifference.

"Dear me! her marrying a rich old man didn't pay well in the end," was Mrs. Gresham's answer, with a little indifferent pity in her voice.

"What do you mean, Julia?"

"Why, Mr. Northam failed more than two years ago. The thing took everybody by surprise, and proved to be one of those utter, absolute failures which there is no retrieving, for the man had gone into speculations, in such a rash, head-long manner, that he could not have possessed his senses. Anxiety and agitation brought a fit of apoplexy, and a month after he was a ruined man—Benjamin Northam was a dead one! He left his wife, and his son of a year old, without a dollar; so those who knew affirmed. The house and furniture were sold; Mrs. Northam went into the country; and her brother, who had just left college, accompanied them. I presume she's living in obscurity somewhere."

Cleveland King mentally resolved that he would know where, some day. He doubted whether Mrs. Northam needed any pity, and whether she had not been relieved to step from her lonely splendor into "obscurity."

"My little boy, you must wait for the currants to get ripe."

"Will that be to-morrow?" asked the child, looking up wistfully in his mother's face, and withdrawing his small hand that was like a white, full-blossomed lily, from betwixt the pickets, inside of which the currant bushes stood in a dark green row.

"Not to-morrow, nor next day, my boy, but in a couple of weeks, perhaps, the currants will begin to turn red, and look like the small rubies in mamma's brooch."

It was a clear, sweet voice that spoke these words, and a caress interpenetrated them all. The lady who spoke them had a small, graceful figure, in a simple white dress, and her straw hat was trimmed with black bands of velvet. The child by her side was a dimpled, bright, restless, rosy little creature, with curls of deep yellow gold, and eyes of a kind of mellow brown, full of the sweetness and joy of childhood, just one of those children which you feel an irresistible impulse to take up in your arms and deluge with caresses.

It happened that a gentleman who was stopping for a few days at the single hotel in the little country town of Woodside for quiet and mountain air, was on horesback that June morning, and the sight of the young mother and her child attracted him, for he had a singularly fine perception of all beautiful things. The feet of his horse made no sound in the soft, sandy road; and when the gentleman had heard the lady's sweet, vibrant voice, his curiosity to get a glimpse of her face was strengthened; he wondered within himself whether it completed the harmony of the figure and voice. The lady stopped before the gate of the small, pleasant little cottage, with some graceful larches drooping in front.

"There, my boy, we've got home once more!"

The gentleman spurred his horse, for the moment when she should turn to close the gate, would be his chance; she dropped her child's hand, and the little fellow taking advantage of his brief liberty darted out into the road, and was the next moment close to the hoofs of the gentleman's horse. He gave a little shriek of affright, the mother turned sharply, the next moment a cry broke from her lips full of fright and agony—

"Oh, my child!" and she darted forward.

But the rider was off his horse in a breath. He had lifted the little fellow almost from under the feet of his horse, and he placed him in his mother's arms, saying—

"I assure you, he is not in the least hurt, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; but oh, what a narrow escape, my precious baby!" and for a moment the mother had no eyes, no thought, except for her child.

Then she looked up. The stranger was searching her face with startled, intent gaze; a quick surprise and uncertainty startled the blood back into her cheeks, and they both spoke together—

"Mrs. Northam!"

"Mr. King!"

Then she put out her hand with the simple, earnest grace that she had not lost with her childhood—

"Oh, I am glad to see you once more, Mr. King!" and the tears filmed the lady's eyes as she spoke.

"I expected to find you sometime, but not here and now," said the gentleman, Cleveland King, with a smile that was not on his lips alone.

"You will surely come in—this is our

home," and she glanced at the little cottage, like a white cup rimmed with vines.

And as he followed the lady, Cleveland King thought of that other stately home where last he had been her guest. The same thought and contrast must have struck Mrs. Northam, too, for she turned towards her guest as they crossed the threshold, and with a bright, tremulous smile that yet had a certain pathos in it, said to him—

"It's a very humble home to which I must welcome you, but oh, it's such a happy one, Mr. King!"

These four years had gone over her without mark or witness. The girlish, half wistful look was in her face still, and some new life and hope was there now, too—something which he had missed before. So they went in together and sat down in the little vine-shaded parlor of the cottage, and the sweet child, tired with his walk and the growing heats of the summer day, stared with his wide brown eyes at the stranger awhile, then the golden head drooped and finally fell heavy with slumber into his mother's lap.

"Do you know anything of all which has happened to me?" asked Mrs. Northam, and her face was solemn, but there was no keen regret in it—how *could* there be!

"Some of all. I heard of your husband's failure and death from my sister, and of your removal into the country."

"Yes, there were several motives which induced us to come here. We wanted the purer country air for my baby, and then it is very cheap living at Woodside; and we manage to get along nicely on Calvin's salary, although it is only eight hundred a year."

Her face, in its bright, quiet and content spoke for her—said all that her lips did not, then and there. They had each a good deal to talk over, and Mrs. Northam treated her guest as though he was just what he was, a very dear friend, who would be interested to learn anything of all which had transpired to her since their last meeting. She told him briefly the particulars of her husband's last illness; and how he had seemed altered, softened and humbled when his great fortune, whose foundations he thought that he laid so broad and deep, suddenly broke from under him; and how kind some of his creditors had proved; and that when the costly furniture of her city home fell under the hammer of the auctioneer, she had saved enough to furnish the pretty little cottage, where, Mrs. Northam said, "she should be happy to live and die."

There was one woman who had had enough of wealth, fashion, splendor, and all these had in nowise harmed her. And Cleveland King glanced around the small, tasteful parlor, with its relics of other times, and it looked pleasanter to him than all the old splendor of the home where Mrs. Northam had once been his hostess.

And he had much to tell; and the lady sat still, and listened eagerly to his bright, animated pictures of foreign life and travel, and the June morning slipped through its golden hours into noon, and then Calvin Humphrey came home.

Great was the young man's astonishment; varied and deep his emotions on seeing his sister's guest. He grasped Cleveland's hand, and wrung it without any words for awhile; at last he spoke—

"Our best friend at last! We always think of—we always speak of you as this!"

"And now, gentlemen," said Mrs. Northam, getting up with a little gayety of manner, which sat well on her girlish face and figure. "you must entertain yourselves for a little while, as I have but one domestic, and my dinner requires some last supervision which she cannot bestow on it. Edward, my boy, go to your uncle," for the child was awake at last, and rubbing his sleepy brown eyes with his small fists.

These four years had wrought a great change in Calvin Humphrey. As Cleveland King looked on him, he thought that he was truly a brother that any sister would be proud of.

The slender student figure had expanded into manhood, the face had lost its boyish beauty, but it had gained in force, concentration, fixed purpose. Calvin Humphrey had the face of a man who could trust himself, and whom others could trust. When the two gentlemen were alone, the younger said to the elder—

"Do you know sir, that all I am now—all I ever expect to be, I owe to you—to your kindness, which rescued me from the gulf into which I had plunged myself."

"We must agree never to speak of that," answered the elder—"your sister's gratitude repaid me a thousand times for the service I was enabled to render you both."

At this moment the child, who had been curiously investigating the strange gentleman, with his eyes wide for wonder, slipped off from his uncle's knee, and drew up to Cleveland with a pretty appeal in his face. And the gentleman lifted the boy in his arms and

kissed him. And during this interview Cleveland King learned that Calvin had, through a friend of his uncle's, obtained the situation of tutor in a commercial college a few miles from Woodside, with an annual salary of a thousand dollars.

"We manage to live very nicely on it," said the young tutor, with a smile—"You can't imagine what a wonderful and economical housekeeper Helen has developed."

At that moment, she put her face, touched with a smile, inside the parlor, and announced dinner. A sweet and wonderful hostess she was at her own table, Cleveland King thought, and her fair young face had never beamed with such happiness and content, behind the massive silver in her splendid dining-room, as it did here, seated at her table, under the little cottage roof.

Beautiful to the watchful eyes of Cleveland King seemed too the love which existed between Mrs. Northam and her brother, so singularly separated from the world and closely united together. It was a love which, before him, at least, demonstrated itself in no words, but eyes and voices bore to it constant and faithful witness. After the pleasant dinner was over, the three came back to the cool, vine-shaded parlor, and there with a little laugh, Mrs. Northam slipped a skein of embroidery silk over her brother's fingers—

"You see, Mr. King, I try to make Calvin useful in all small household services, and hope to turn him out a model old bachelor uncle one of these days," she said.

"I find it impossible to tell which looks as if the work was pleasanter—the teacher or the scholar," smiled the guest, looking from the young man to his sister.

"Oh, Calvin is the best scholar in the world!"

Somewhat more, added the lady's eyes, looking in her brother's face.

"That is because Helen is the best teacher in the world," answered the brother.

"How happy you two must be here alone together," said Cleveland King, half to himself; and he thought of his own sister, and sighed to himself, but so low that neither his host or hostess caught it.

"So happy that the world seems too far off to harm us. We are blessed in our humility—are we not, Calvin?" And the thought shook the tears into Mrs. Northam's eyes.

"Yes, Helen; and there was more than tenderness—something of reverence in the gaze with which Calvin Humphrey answered

his sister. And when the silk had flowed in a white rill away from the young tutor's fingers to his sister's spool, he looked at his watch, and said—

"There are two hours, now, of work for me to-day; I should be glad to remain." And he went away. They watched him from the window until he was out of sight.

"He is the best brother in the world," said Mrs. Northam, turning to her guest.

And Cleveland King thought what he did not say—"Happy is the brother who has such a sister."

He remained at the cottage during most of that day. They had much to talk over—so much that it was not finished that day, nor any other of the days which Cleveland King passed at Woodside, for he did not return to New York until a week after his meeting with Mrs. Northam, and when he did, he felt some new want and restlessness, and his thoughts wandered often to the little cottage that sat like a white basin among the hills at Woodside.

So he came back again. He was a sincere, straightforward man, as you know. The second day after his arrival, he invited Mrs. Northam to ride out with him. Among the deep pine woods, filled with a solemn chant, on their way to the sea, Cleveland King told his companion why he had never married, because his heart and soul had never yet found a woman to whom they could say—"We will walk together the time of God's appointment, looking with faith and hope to the end, believing that though it may be well with us here, it shall be better beyond—a true woman—a loving woman—a Christian woman. Never, did I say? I have found her now. Helen, you understand me?"

She looked up. Many things struggled in her face for mastery; they all broke down into a sob.

"Helen, I know how shamefully you were deceived and wronged by one husband; is it because of his memory that you cannot trust me?"

"Oh, no, no; but when I remember the wrong he did me, I remember, too, that he was the father of my child."

"And as such we will always speak of him. Helen, may I not be now the father of your child—I pray God a better one than he was?"

She nestled up to him; she laid her soft, fluttering fingers on his arm; her sweet eyes smiled up into his face, full of love—

"I will try to be that woman your heart has long sought for, Cleveland," she answered.

Home Teaching.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

Harry sat by the fire, his feet extended towards the grate, his chin resting on his bosom, and his thumbs revolving one about the other, as his manner was when new purposes were taking life, form and position in his brain. I'd hinted at new furs that morning, as I was pouring his third cup of coffee, saying they'd be a nice New Year's gift—that Mrs. Brown and Cousin Sue had just purchased some, and that I needed a set so much.

Possibly he was thinking of that now. A feeling of pleasure came over me, and my needle and thread flew more swiftly over the little merino dress sleeve I was making. I shouldn't need a new cloak now. The furs would save so much thought, and be so comfortable, and brother Joe's wife would half envy me. Out of the abundance of the heart I spoke—

"You're thinking of my New Year's gift, I expect?"

"Oh, don't refer to that," he said, in a half playful, half serious way, adding, by way of a caution to my hopes—"you forget how much higher rents are."

"Father said to me yesterday he'd pay the store rent if your profits were not as large as they had been."

"That's kind in him, but we must be independent."

A little silence followed, and then Harry added—

"You'd better get poor Mrs. Waite something for New Year's; she's been sick so long; and the Widow Green ought to be remembered; she is so worthy; and that old gentleman on South street, too—he is the most cheerful, thankful man in affliction I ever knew."

I felt too selfish just then to reply, and perhaps that was why he added, with so much emphasis—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Perhaps my tones were a little ungracious as I replied, "I'd be satisfied with the receiver's blessing for once." Still his thumbs pursued their orbits with as little deviation as if forming a part of the solar system. I'd finished the sleeve, and was plaiting the little skirt, looking now and then out of the window, at the scudding, shifting clouds, which gave premonitions of the rain storm that Harry had felt for two days in that susceptible part of his body, the bones.

"Mehetible," said he, 'Hetty' he generally

calls me, "let's send for Aunt Susan to come up and spend New Year's."

I looked up in wonder. She hadn't darkened our door in four years—nor we hers.

"How poor, meagre and dwarfed are all our lives, when we have patterns of such wondrous beauty to weave into them—patterns which are worn in Heaven—devices that glitter upon the garments of martyrs, saints and angels! Christ stands at the path of obedience, and says—'This is the way, walk ye in it.' 'Follow Me,' is His command, and we follow our own fancy. I cannot see on what grounds we are hoping for forgiveness, when so little of the gospel spirit pervades us." There was something in his voice and eye that reminded me of the legends of saints—of Christians from whose death-beds we sometimes bring away a thought to last a lifetime; it seemed as though the divine eye and the divine voice had said to him—"Come and learn of me."

"Now," he continued, "let us bring our diseased, both of heart and brain, up to the healing Bethesda, that they may be made whole—that our lives may go out into the young year fresher, purer, and more Christ-like. God's paths are strewn with difficulties sometimes, but if we tread on and overcome, we show that we are His, and thus adding year to year, our lives will be crowned with that completeness which autumn gives to the earth. I can look onward with hope, but backward only with fear."

I brushed the mist from my eyes, thinking if Harry had cause to fear, how ought I to tremble and be afraid.

"Love one another as I have loved you." Think of it, Hetty—your mother's own sister separated from us by trifles that have grown to mountain size—trifles, that like the deadly virus, have infused our hearts with the poison of hatred; and yet we bow to the same God, hope in the same Saviour, and are expecting to walk together the golden streets of Paradise—how is it?"

"We shall all be changed," I said, confusedly.

"Yes, I think we shall need to be; but that change must begin here—our thoughts and purposes must produce fruit."

"It's just the theory, Harry, but Aunt Susan seems so perfectly unforgiving—so selfish, and withal so self-important; I wouldn't treat a dog as she has treated me; and where will be my self-respect, to go cringing back for her favor—and where the good, when I dislike her so thoroughly?"

"Because she is a poor example, you choose to imitate her; because she has done so and so, you do likewise; I would advise you to stand on higher ground—to look upwards for your patterns, and Christ will bless you for it."

Memory led me into the past. "I remember when we were children." I said, "how delighted Jenny and I would be if mother told us we might go to Aunt Susan's and spend the day; and how happy we would be over the little pies and cakes she would bake us, the story books she would find in the old garret, and the swing she would coax uncle to make for us. She had an old crape dress and bonnet that was my great-grandmother's, and sometimes she would slip it on slyly, and make us a visit, while we would huddle away in one corner, half afraid, though understanding perfectly who it was. But those days have long since passed, and Jenny is with the angels, and I—I am hoping sometime to be there, too."

"Well, shall Aunt Susan and her family be among our guests on Thursday?" asked Harry, to which I heartily responded—

"Yes."

New Year's dawned, beautiful as are thoughts of forgiveness, and thoughts of mercy, charity and love. Aunt Susan was among the group of relatives that gathered around our table.

"Hetty," she said, as she was putting on her things to go, and there were tears in her eyes—"this is Christ-like—I feel ashamed—I should have been teacher, but it is you."

"It is Harry," I said; "he is my guide; he points out, and I follow—sometimes. I have found Aunt Susan, and am richly repaid."

She kissed me for the first time since Jenny's funeral. As the last carriage drove away, Mrs. Waite sent for me to come in, that she might express her joy and gratitude for the gifts I'd sent her. The Widow Green and the old gentleman on South street were none the less glad. It was almost ten—nearly time for prayers. Harry went into the closet in his quiet way, and brought out a box containing my furs. I could but be glad, and thank him ever so many times, but I speak truthfully when I say there was more exquisite joy in witnessing my sick friends' flush of pleasure, and Aunt Susan's tearful gratitude because I had given unasked forgiveness and goodwill.

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

At his desk, that morning, as Carl Jansen sat over the letters of correspondents, the writing would fade under his eyes, and in its place there would look up towards him the stony image of his wife, as he parted from her at the breakfast table. He could not read the newspaper for that interposing image. It overlaid the prices current; the report of the stock exchange; the sales of real estate; the foreign news. If he opened a ledger to examine an account, he soon found himself gazing at his wife's statue on the page, that concealed all the figures, and hindered the results for which he was searching. He found it in his check book, his bill book, his day book; among invoices, and accounts current; on bits of paper taken up casually. Everywhere he encountered it. The eyes did not look into his; but, with a strange, fearful expression, past him, at something beyond.

Jansen went out upon the street; partly for business purposes—partly to escape the haunting image. But it pursued him everywhere. Looking at him, or rather past him into the dark beyond, from the faces of men and women—from pictures in shop windows—from all objects, animate and inanimate towards which his eyes were bent. There was no change of expression in the countenance—none in the hard, fearful eyes—none in the marble attitude. He went back to his store, to find the spectre there, among books, papers, accounts—among articles of merchandise—in customers' faces—standing out bodily, in the atmosphere.

But, he had crossed the Rubicon of his own and his wife's destiny. There might come regret, fear, even a shuddering sense of approaching evil, but no return. Carl Jansen could not go to his wife and say, "I was wrong!"—could not take back the words last spoken. They must stand, though hearts broke, and the home-temple fell into a shapeless ruin.

At dinner-time, as Carl laid his hand upon his own door, there came a brief cessation of heart-beats—a brief stoppage of the breath. Then he passed in. He did not find his wife. She had gone out, the servant said, several hours before, and had not yet returned. Jansen felt uneasy. Then a weight dropped down

upon him, so heavy as to produce a feeling of suffocation. Doubts began to obscure his mind. What if he had driven this sensitive, high-spirited woman to desperation? What if she had gone away, never again to return, except through his confession of wrong, and consequent humiliation of himself to a woman? This last thought, coming in with doubt and fear, stung his pride, steadied his shaking nerves, and restored him to inflexibility.

"If she is strong enough," he said, bitterly, to himself, "surely I am! If a woman accepts this ordeal, shall a man shrink from it? No—no! By all that manhood claims of strength and superiority—no!"

Thus, he further entrenched himself in the position he had taken. Pride sustained him through natural weakness. Pride helped him when pity, tenderness, mercy, and the old love assailed his strong places, and gave him the victory.

On the bureau, in their chamber, he found a letter. As he reached forth to take this letter, his hand shook; shook in spite of all his natural impassiveness and habitual self-control; shook so, that he laid it down and moved back some paces. But, he could not endure suspense in this great crisis. The letter was in his hand again, and as he unfolded the sheet, the irrepressible tremor of his nerves made it rattle in the air. The writing was Madeline's; clear and accurate at the beginning, but irregular, blotted, and bearing evidence of deep feeling in the progress and conclusion.

"MY HUSBAND—I fear that we have come to a place in life, where our paths must diverge; not, however, through my desire or my election. As I look out into the world, and dimly realize what I must be, and do, and suffer, living apart from my husband, I faint in spirit—I shudder at the prospect. My heart turns back, fain to linger in the sheltered home where it took up two years ago its rest in peace and joy. But, you have dictated the only terms on which I can remain in this home. I must be inferior and obedient. You must be lord, and I serf. The free will that God gave me, I must lay at your feet. Alas for me! I cannot thus submit. As your equal, I can walk by your side, true as steel to honor, virtue, purity, and love; as your inferior there can be no dwelling together for us in the same house.

"To-day, you have laid on me a command, and, deliberately, in face of all consequences, I resolve to act as freely as though

it had not been spoken. At the same time, I shall give you credit for being in earnest, and refrain from coming back, after I leave your house, until you send me word that you desire my return. I go, because I will not live with you in strife; and the terms you dictate render concord impossible. I pray you not to misunderstand me! Too much for both of us is involved. I do not go away from you, because I desire to repudiate our marriage contract, nor because there lives on this earth a man whom my heart prefers before you. I go, because you will not let me live with you in the freedom to which every soul is entitled, and in the equality that I claim as a right. Here is the simple issue, as Heaven is my witness! In whatever you elect to do, keep this in mind, Carl! Your wife asks for love, and will give love in return; but if you command obedience, love dies. She cannot dwell with you as a slave, and will not dwell with you in open contention.

"My heart is full, Carl, and my eyes so dim with tears, that I can scarcely see the page on which I am writing. If I were to let my feelings have sway, there would go to you such a wild, such an impassioned appeal, as no man living, whose heart was not of stone, could resist. The words are pressing, nay, almost imploring, for utterance. But, I press them back, and keep silence, for I will not be a beggar for the love you promised, nor a craven to submit. Equal, Carl! We must stand side by side as equals, or remain forever apart.

"It is vain to write more. If you cannot comprehend the stern necessity that is on me, after what I have said, further sentences will be idle. I go, because you have declared terms that make it impossible for me to remain. I will return, if you write a single line of invitation. If you say "come back," I will take it as a hopeful assurance for the future. If you keep silence, this separation is eternal! If you wish to see me, or write to me, call or send to number 560 — street.

"MADELINE."

After reading this letter, in an excited and prejudiced state of mind, Jansen threw it from him, under a first impulse of indignant rejection, and sat for some time in stern isolation of spirits—hard, angry, accusing, implacable. In the reading, pride had recognized only an assault upon himself and his rights as a husband; and he chafed in spirit. A calmer state succeeded. He read the letter again;

but still failed to comprehend its true meaning. In his view, it was rebellious and defiant; proudly stating terms to which he must submit, or his wife would permanently abandon him. If he had read this letter a third time, he might better have comprehended Madeline, and the true, pure, loving woman he had driven from his heart and home. But, he folded it with a stern spirit—crushing the paper unconsciously—and threw it into a drawer away from sight.

"If she thinks I will stoop to solicit her return—that I will humble myself at her feet—she is grievously mistaken!" he said. "I am not made of that kind of stuff. If she had known me, she would never have tried this mad experiment. It will fail—miserably fail! Go to her! Solicit her to come back! Promise to be submissive to her will! Give up manhood—self-respect—prerogative—duty—rights!—No, never! I shall stand just where I stand. I am her husband, and this is her home. If she, of her own choice, abandon both, what then? She persists or repents—I am passive. So all rests in her hands. I did not thrust her from my door, and it shall never be closed against her, so long as her life is without stain. But, I cannot solicit her to come back—I will not solicit her!"

Jansen was not a man of half purposes; nor of the disposition that reviews determined lines of action, hesitating, doubting, repenting. There was something of the gypsum quality in his mind; determinations "set" quickly, and were not resolved again into free thought. Madeline was not wholly ignorant of this, when she took bold issue with her husband. She knew him to be narrow, selfish, proud, and stubbornly persistent in any line of conduct he might adopt. Yet, she braved all consequences in her blindness; abandoning duty, love, ease, comfort, and that independence of the world, the absence of which is so wounding to all women of sensitive feelings and high spirit.

As men and women are—born with selfish inclinations, and inherited peculiarities—mutual concession is an essential rule of action in marriage. If this rule is not observed, strife must come. Were we in original purity of soul—or, through observance of divine laws restored to that purity—then no conflicts could arise. Love would be the governing law. In the degree that any individual is so restored, or regenerated through a life according to the Divine Word, so far will that individual, even

in the case of a woman unhappily married, submit to things unjust and hard to bear, rather than abandon all, trusting by patience, gentleness, and a loving observance of every duty, to lift her husband into a juster perception of the relation they bear to each other. She will give up many innocent things, because his warped or narrow views will not let him regard them as allowable. Nay, even submit to arbitrary rule and dictation, rather than grapple with him in a conflict that can only end in submission, for one perpetual strife, or separation. And what is true of the woman, whose soul is rising out of the dominion of natural evils, is in like manner true of the man. He will bear and forbear—will yield and even submit in much—rather than break the most sacred of all bonds. And all this may be done without any real abandonment of that free will, whose highest office is to reject evil and choose good.

But, where there is no law of spiritual life in the soul, leading to concession for another's good, then let the law of truth in the understanding, which every one may accept, act as a controlling force, and hold all things in fealty to higher duties, though the way in which the feet must walk be difficult, often going deep down into the vale of humiliation.

Madeline was wrong. Both were wrong. False views, stimulated by passion and self-will, had made a breach between them. Neither had the spirit of concession, but, instead, the spirit of accusation; and there was no angel in their hearts to bridge the widening chasm with love. Jansen had acted with inconsiderate haste, pressing an interdict upon his wife while she was yet too blind to see all that she might have seen of duty and prudence, had he dealt with her more tenderly and wisely; and Madeline, with equal haste and lack of regard for her husband's excited state of mind, had set him at defiance. So, in mutual blame, they had been driven asunder.

CHAPTER VIII.

If Carl Jansen could have annihilated that statue-like image of his wife, as he last parted from her at the breakfast table, he would have felt better; but, let thought turn towards Madeline when it would, thus he saw her. By an effort of will, other images might be projected before his eyes; but they faded out quickly, leaving the stony statue in their place. It was so all through the first agitated, but resolved, evening following Madeline's departure; so through all the succeeding days

and weeks. Even years had no power wholly to cover and hide that strange, fearful spectre, which, for a few moments, held his vision like an enchanter's spell.

No word, no sign from either. Both lived, for weeks, in blank suspense; yet wrapped about in pride, and without thought of concession.

Poor Madeline! She had gone out into the world alone. Who were her faithful friends? Upon whom, now, was she to lean? Over the threshold of what home might her feet pass confidently, and with the firm tread of one who had a right to enter? Alas for the bewildered, erring young creature! She had not counted all the cost of this wrong act. When she left her husband's house, she went directly to Mrs. Woodbine's. But, with what a different feeling from any experienced before did she enter the residence of her specious friend. The old feeling of independence and equality had strangely departed from her. Now she was a homeless wanderer, coming to ask for temporary shelter. So keenly did she feel this as she stood at Mrs. Woodbine's door, that, but for having rung the bell, she would have turned away, and gone home to reconsider the step she was taking. But, she heard the servant's feet along the hall, and it was too late to retreat.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Jansen!" With this heartily uttered welcome, Mrs. Woodbine entered the drawing-room where Madeline sat awaiting her, and, catching her hand, pressed it warmly. "But, bless me, child!" she added, in a changed voice, "what's the matter? You're as pale as a sheet!"

Madeline tried to answer; but there was only a dumb motion of the lips.

"Are you sick?"

Madeline shook her head.

"Nothing wrong with your husband I hope?"

"Yes." The tone was faint, and, even on this monosyllable, betrayed a tremor.

"What is it child?" asked Mrs. Woodbine.

"I have left him."

"No!"

"It is true, Mrs. Woodbine!" The heart of Madeline was not strong enough. She sobbed out aloud, and hid her face.

"This is a serious matter, my dear," said Mrs. Woodbine, as soon as her visitor grew calm. "Left your husband! For what?" She looked sober.

"He positively forbade my coming to see you. That was going too far. I will not be

commanded as a slave! I am here, acting in open disobedience; and do not mean to return until he signifies his wish to have me do so, promising, at the same time, to treat me as his equal in all things."

"Forbade your coming to see me! On what ground, pray?" There was a stain of anger on the face of Mrs. Woodbine.

"Somebody has been making slanderous reports."

"About whom?" demanded Mrs. Woodbine, growing excited. Something looked out of her eyes at Madeline, which caused the latter's heart to shrink. She had never seen that expression in them before.

"I cannot tell," replied Madeline, in a confused way. "No name was mentioned."

"What was said?" The manner of Mrs. Woodbine grew hard and almost imperious.

"Nothing that in any way touched your reputation," answered Madeline, trying to soothe the anger which had been aroused.

"Who's then?" Still she was imperative; and still she looked down upon Madeline with that strange, evil gaze, which made her heart shrink and shudder.

"I cannot answer, because I do not know," replied Madeline, showing distress, and speaking in tones of deprecation. "I think it was more than half pretext on the part of my husband. He never liked our intimacy; and, finding that I was not going to give up my friends to gratify his whims and prejudices, has taken this course in order to effect his object. There is evil speaking everywhere. The best are not free from misrepresentation. Especially are women who take the independent stand you and others have taken, liable to false judgment. Somebody has spoken lightly of somebody who visits at your house—the light words repeated, have reached my husband's ears; this has given him a chance, as he supposes, to break up our intimacy. But he has not found me as clay in his fingers. It was a base pretence, I am satisfied—nothing more."

The evil look faded out of Mrs. Woodbine's eyes. Her face grew softer. She accepted the explanation. But, to Madeline, she did not assume the old cordial, winning air.

"I understand it all now," she gravely answered. "It was, as you affirm, a base thing in your husband. But, my child, you have taken a serious step. What do you propose? Have your friends who will receive you?" Mrs. Woodbine gazed searchingly into Mrs. Jansen's face.

"I trust that I am strong enough to be my own friend," bravely, and with just a pulse of indignation in her voice, replied Mrs. Jansen, even though her heart was growing like lead in her bosom. The change in this lady's manner struck her with a painful surprise.

"Of course you are—every true woman is strong enough for that." Mrs. Woodbine spoke with a certain air of approval, yet still with a reserve that chilled the feelings of her visitor. "And you are equal, I trust," she added, "to the contest on which you have entered. If your husband is the unemotional, strong-willed and wrong-willed man I think him, that contest must be a severe one, and may end in a permanent separation. Does he yet know of the step you purpose taking?"

"He will know of it when he returns home at dinner-time."

"Not till then?"

"No. He will find a letter, advising him of my purpose to live separate, unless he consent to treat me as an equal. If he ask me to return, I will go back and make a new trial. If he remains silent, the separation must be permanent. As I said to him, I will not live in strife, nor will I humble myself to the station of an inferior. Equal and peaceable, or not at all! He will be in no doubt of the issue when he reads my letter."

"I am afraid," answered Mrs. Woodbine, "that you have acted hastily. What if he make no reply?"

"I have counted that cost."

"Ah, indeed! Well, you will be rich in resources if you prove able to meet it."

"How so?" Madeline might well ask in surprise. What could be the meaning of this changed spirit in her friend—the friend who had first counselled resistance to her husband's encroachments, and so often urged her to maintain her womanly freedom? She was puzzled, hurt and distressed by a circumstance that seemed inexplicable. "How so?" she repeated.

"In the first place, you give up an elegant home, and money to any fair extent that you may see fit to demand. Have you rich relatives, who will, in turn, supply these? Your good name is to-day, unsullied before the world. Abandon your husband, on almost any pretext, and though your life be pure as an angel's, the soil of slander will be cast over your garments. You have now ease, comfort, and complete independence in worldly matters; how will it be if you cast them all behind? My dear young friend, you stand this hour in

the most momentous crisis of your life. I would not have advised this step. As society is now constituted, the woman who breaks the marriage bond is misunderstood and misinterpreted. Public opinion ranges itself against her, and a hundred impediments are thrown in the way of her honorable independence. A man cast loose upon the world, if he have strength and will, finds all things conspiring to his success; but a woman so cast loose, finds all things conspiring against her. I speak soberly, my dear young friend, and earnestly, for I have a larger experience of the world than you. No—no! this is not the way. Hold to your legal position as Mr. Jansen's wife, but maintain your independence. If he seek to put on the tyrant, set him at naught, but hold to the material rights acquired in wedlock. If you abandon him, you abandon everything; but if he abandons you, the law will give alimony, and so leave you independent. You see, child, that I take a sober, common-sense view of things. I look to the main chance. Understand me; I counsel no submission. You are his equal, and if skilled in the use of your native strength, fairly matched with him in any contest he may precipitate. The home you purpose abandoning is as much yours as his. Don't lose the advantage its possession gives you. Put on triple armor for defence, if that be needed, call to your aid all a fertile woman's resources, as I have done, and victory will surely perch on your banners. But don't—don't take this hazardous step. Your husband is narrow in his views—cold and stubborn.—I do not believe he will send or come for you. He thinks woman weak, and will trust to your repentance. To return to him after the final breach, would be a shame and a humiliation."

"I would die first," said Madeline, with aroused indignation.

Here the interview was interrupted by a visitor—a small, pale-faced, high-browed, dark-eyed woman, whose faded countenance yet self-reliant air, showed a person who had seen some service in the warfare of life.

"My dear Mrs. Windall," exclaimed Mrs. Woodbine, rising and advancing to meet her as she entered the drawing-room, "I'm so glad to see you this morning! Just in time to help me advise our young friend, Mrs. Jansen."

"Ah, Mrs. Jansen!" said the new comer, turning from Mrs. Woodbine—"I did not anticipate this pleasure. In trouble, child! What's happened?"

Before Madeline could speak, Mrs. Woodbine answered for her—

"Yes, she's in trouble, and we must see her through it, if possible."

"What kind of trouble?" asked Mrs. Windall.

"With her husband, of course. Oh, dear! these miserable husbands! they're the curse of our lives!"

A shadow dropped over the pale face of Mrs. Windall: her brows fell; her dark eyes grew intense; she looked angry—almost cruel—

"The curse of our lives! You may well say that." She spoke in a kind of panting undertone, like one in strong excitement.

"Well, dear?" turning to Madeline, "what's happened? A quarrel with your tyrant, of course! I can guess that much."

"We shall never quarrel again," replied Madeline, with a calmness of voice not expected by Mrs. Woodbine.

"Ha! what does that mean?" The eyes of Mrs. Windall flashed. There was apparent in her manner a thrill of excitement.

"It means that we have parted company," said Madeline.

"Of your own choice?"

"Yes: I will not be a slave, nor will I dwell with any man in perpetual strife."

"Spoken like a brave, true woman!" said Mrs. Windall, grasping Madeline's hand—

"and I welcome you to the Sisterhood of those noble ones who can suffer, but not endure bonds. It would be better for our sex if there were many, many more of your spirit. My ear catches the ring of the true metal, and the music is sweet. I kiss you, dear, brave young woman, and receive you into our circle." And Mrs. Windall pressed her lips to Madeline's forehead. They were almost like the touch of marble lips—so cold—giving a chill instead of warmth.

"There is the cost to be counted," said Mrs. Woodbine, now interposing. "Always it is best to count the cost. Mrs. Jansen has left her husband. What next? Where is she going? What will she do? Who are her friends?"

"All true women are her friends," responded Mrs. Windall, becoming heroic in manner.

"She will need something beyond mere friendship."

"True friendship is full of service," answered Mrs. Windall.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Woodbine, speaking in a firm, asserting tone of voice, "the highest office of friendship towards Mrs. Jansen is to advise her to go back to her home

and maintain her rights there. I have said this to her already, and my hope was that you would say the same. There she will possess all external advantages—every luxury and comfort she desires—a liberal supply of money—ease and independence, if she will assert and maintain it. There are plenty of ways in which a bright, resolute woman may rule, instead of being ruled by her husband, and thus hold in freedom all the advantages of her position. Go back, Mrs. Jansen; that is my advice."

"I am not so mercenary as you seem to imagine," replied Madeline, flashing her beautiful eyes into the face of Mrs. Woodbine. There was an air of defiance in this, quite offensive to the latter, whose love of having things her own way never calmly brooked a spirit of opposition. Madeline had been, up to this time, a docile learner in her new school of woman's rights; but now that she was asserting a right to think and act for herself, Mrs. Woodbine felt that her superior judgment was being set as naught, and this was more than she could calmly bear.

"But a great deal sillier than I imagined," came in sharp retort from her lips. "You must live! How, pray? That's the question. Have you the answer ready?"

"The world is wide," said Madeline, her tones less impassioned. "And I shall find my place in it. I am strong enough, I trust, both to do and to dare in whatever work or strife befall me. But, I will not dwell in contention with my husband. I hold the marriage bond as too holy a thing for this. I loved my husband—I still regard him above all other men"—her voice gave way, but she recovered it quickly, and went on—"and I will not meet him in open war, wounding and receiving wounds. There may be women who glory in battle; but I am not one of these. My spirit will not brook tyranny; so I flee from the tyrant's presence and seek to dwell in peace."

"You are not a woman of my stamp," retorted Mrs. Woodbine, with a half contemptuous motion of the head. "No tyrant shall drive me from the place assigned me by natural right, and by law. If the question come as to who will leave this house by voluntary act—my husband or me—be sure that I will remain at any cost. He can go if it so please him; but not I. I thought you had more pluck, child. Pshaw! Cast these romantic notions to the wind. Love! Don't talk of that. When a husband puts on the tyrant, love vanishes."

Madeline had entered the house of Mrs. Woodbine, intending to remain there temporarily. She had expected a far different reception. Had looked for sympathy, succor, and encouragement. Alas! How suddenly this admired and almost worshipped friend had become transformed. Now, she arose, as if to depart. "Don't go," said Mrs. Woodbine. But there was no feeling in her voice—no actual invitation to remain.

Mrs. Windall arose at the same time. Her eyes were on the face of Madeline. She was reading it with keen, but sinister glances.

Mrs. Jansen did not reply to the remark of Mrs. Woodbine, but drew her shawl to her shoulders, and stepped back towards the door. Mrs. Windall did the same.

"My dear young friend! I trust you will reflect deeply on what you are about doing," said Mrs. Woodbine, in a tone of warning. "Be advised by me. Go home. Sleep for another night on this question, remembering that it is to effect for good or ill your whole life. I am your friend. Don't forget this. Your true friend, who seeks to save you from calamity. Mrs. Windall! Join me in admonishing her to beware of a step, which, once taken, cannot be retraced, and may lead to untold evils."

"Come home with me, dear," said Mrs. Windall, turning to Madeline. "As Mrs. Woodbine intimates, the most vital things are concerned, and every step should be well considered. We will go over the whole matter together, and see what is best to be done. Trust me, Mrs. Woodbine!"—looking towards that lady—"I will counsel her as faithfully as if she were my own child. Good morning! Come, dear?"

And without giving time for interposition, even if that had been in Mrs. Woodbine's thought, she hurried Madeline away.

"Faithfully!" Mrs. Woodbine spoke with herself, standing alone in her drawing-room. "Aye, as the hawk deals with the dove! Foolish young creature! I wish she were safely back in her home again. What strength has she for the battle that is before her?—what endurance for the storms that will beat upon her fair young head? Well! well! Some natures are incomprehensible! Some spirits move blindly upon ruin. You cannot counsel them—you cannot hold them back. As for Mrs. Jansen, I wash my hands clear of all responsibility. Be her future what it may, no blame shall rest at my door."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Supplication.

BY NETTIE VERNON.

Father!

I'm sailing blindly o'er life's billowy sea!
Hoarse roar the waves around me, and the spray
Of sorrow mingles with Hope's feeble ray!
Helpless and weary come I unto thee
Craving Thy blessing—guide Thou me.

Vainly

I've fought against life's passing clouds,
Surcharged with thunderings deep and long and
loud;

Their angry lightning-flash has rent my inmost
soul,

Father! the wound thy piercing eye canst see,
Smile Thou in pity—guide Thou me.

Forgive

Me, that my life's so illy, vainly spent;
That oft within my heart the waves of discontent
Are surging; wilt Thou let some ray
From heaven's pure sun serenely fall on me?
Humbly I ask it—guide Thou me.

Cold earth

Ere long will clasp me to her matron breast;
The grave—I'll love it for it proffers rest!
Sweetly the flow'ret bloometh where the unconscious
lie;

And just beyond the death-chilled stream I see
Sweet Home—there Father guide Thou me.

Aye, guide!

I need thy presence in life's every hour—
Help me withstand temptation's fearful power;
My roving thoughts I'd yield to Thy control;
Unworthy though of thy kind care I be,
Yet *One* is worthy—guide Thou me.

How to be Beautiful.

BY J. E. M'C.

Young ladies, do you wish to be beautiful?

I think I may venture to assume as much, and proceed to give you a few plain directions for attaining the desired end.

And first a fair, clear complexion is always admired. There is no better way of securing this than by taking a good, thorough bath every other day, and a good long walk with a cheerful companion at a regular hour every day. Then you may take a hearty meal of wholesome, substantial food, and be the better for it; but if you omit the bath and walk, every full meal you eat will add to the sallow-ness of your skin and the general unhealthy appearance of your person. If you cannot bathe and exercise you should eat lightly.

But the loveliest complexion in the world cannot alone make a person beautiful. You must *think*; think on great, noble, and benevolent subjects. Accustom your mind to dive deep, to grapple hard with strong, earnest thought, to plan lofty and holy actions, above all let your soul drink deep from the fountain of Heavenly love, until your own soul is deeply imbued with its spirit. It is thought that chisels out the plainest face into a beautiful piece of sculpture. Some one has well said, that "The man who does nothing but eat and drink soon loses the fine lines of his features." It is the expression that beautifies the face. It is the gentle love-light which speaks from the kindling eye, no matter what its hue. It is the tender look which pity for the suffering and the heavy laden, calls up in the instant on the speaking brow and tremulous lip. It is the intelligent lighting up of the whole countenance, which the earnest thinker displays when any intellectual subject is introduced. These are elements of beauty which have won the admiration of the world in all ages. Without them the fairest face is only like that of a painted doll; pretty and useful to amuse the childish and thoughtless, but scarcely attracting the passing observation of the mature and cultivated.

To have a beautiful face, then, one must have a beautiful soul. There is no cosmetic that can equal this, and it is attainable by even the plainest and poorest. It is "without money and without price." Only come to the fountain and drink, and it can cleanse your soul from every spot and blemish, and above all things else, present you faultless before Him who seeth not as man seeth, and where favor is of more importance to you than the admiration of the whole world.

GREETINGS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.—"How do you do?" that's English and American. "How do you carry yourself?" that's French. "How do you stand?" that's Italian. "How do you find yourself?" that's German. "How do you fare?" that's Dutch. "How can you?" that's Swedish. "How do you persevere?" that's Egyptian. "How is your stomach. Have you eaten your rice?" that's Chinese. "How do you have yourself?" that's Polish. "How do you live on?" that's Russian. "May thy shadow never be less?" that's Persian; and all mean much the same thing.

Our Autumn Walk.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

Anna, as sometimes in our dreams,
Scenes that are nearest seem most far,
Thus softly in my heart to-night
The things that were and things that are
Blend in confusion strangely sweet,
A low, dear song, with nought to mar.

So, thinking of our Autumn walk
Upon the hills and by the stream,
I feel as though our feet had trod
Familiar places in a dream,
And all we said and all we did,
Seems far removed from common theme.

The Sabbath sun shone softly down,
And withered leaves beneath our feet,
The parted summer's faded gifts
Made rustling music low and sweet,
The brown old rock, the drooping ferns,
Ungathered in their lone retreat.

The low wind sighed, the murmuring stream
Went wandering o'er its rocky bed,
And lovingly we talked of those
Whose feet the Better Country tread;
Till in wild joy my heart poured out
A song of triumph for the dead.

I felt as chastened pilgrims feel,
Bowling before a blessed shrine,
And from my heart rose trembling prayers
For thee, beloved, and thine, and mine,
And soft I breathed a dear, dear name,
A name to me almost divine.

Oh, friend of mine! that Autumn walk
With good to us was surely rife,
As standing on that brown old rock
We saw from far the great world's strife,
And richly did our souls drink in
Larger and nobler views of life.

And when our footsteps homeward trod,
They oh! us for our long delay,
I felt that we had wiser grown
For the communion of that day,
And soft within my breast a calm
Like God's dear peace from Heaven, lay.

ROCHESTER, PA.

If people only knew how a repetition of evil thoughts, or unworthy feelings, stamps itself upon the countenance in characters not to be mistaken, they would avoid harboring such thoughts, or cherishing such feelings.

H. R. C.

March.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mud under foot, fogs over head,
Rain, drizzle, gloom, and mist;
Winter and spring are reconciled,
Have met again, and kissed.
Uncertain, fickle, fierce and false—
A monster in his rage,
A hampered lion fain to break
The boundary of his cage.

Parent of winds and frantic storms,
Patron of sulky nights,
When all the sky is bloody red
With ghostly Northern Lights,
Repenting, now and then, to show
Suns like the suns of June—
And soft, cerulean, placid skies
Above a placid moon.

White snows, forgetful of the time,
Drifting adown the hills—
And spanning ice bridging across
Emancipated rills;
Touches of fiercest polar cold,
Blasts from Boreal shores—
Sweeping with wild, demoniac rage,
The dreary waste of moor.

Crushing with brutal hands the flowers
That yearn to spring to bloom,
Dooming all vegetating things
Unto a common tomb;
Nipping with frosty breath the life
Of sprout, and bud, and leaf—
But little care we for his power,
The time of his reign is brief!

SOCIETY.—The pleasure of society depends more upon females than any other. Gentlemen expect to be entertained, children are out of the question, and therefore it rests upon women what society shall be. The pleasure of an evening's entertainment is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget that their own identity is to be lost in the efforts to make everyone at ease. That is the great secret of true enjoyment. Some ladies will enter a drawing room or a social circle, where every person's neighbors appear like an iceberg, and the whole atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and, by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy and yet dignified cordiality that ever characterizes true geniality.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Habits.

BY M. D. H. B.

That "we are the slaves of habit" none will deny, who have their eyes open to consider the daily circumstances of their life, and mark into what accustomed channels it moves; how hard it is to break away from old associations. That these "habits both bad and good are formed in youth," is another of those trite copy-book sayings, which, like old gold, lose nothing of their value from an antiquated setting. How important then that the mother's vigilant and anxious care should be directed to her child from the first dawns of its young intellect, lest the pliable mind be warped into the mould of bad rather than good habits! With the latter we have but little to do at present, for it is scarcely possible for a child to have too many good habits, while it is so easily led astray by their counterparts. Love of truth, diligence, neatness and order, veneration, generosity and good temper, and all the other virtues, have their opposites; errors into which children are liable to fall according to their several temperaments and circumstances.

And first, we cannot be too strict in requiring perfect truthfulness in a child. Whether from a natural warmth of imagination, or carelessness on the part of the mother in correcting inflated and distorted accounts of any event, children are too apt to indulge in superlatives in their style, describing things as "awful" or "horrible," when they are only disagreeable or annoying, besides adding generally to the narrative for the sake of effect. Endeavor to teach them to relate facts simply as they have occurred; and with proper guidance the habit of truthfulness will become so much of a second nature, that it will be found painful to deviate from it. Much mischief has resulted from these "I suppose" and "guesses" which have been added to embellish a story, and give it interest. Is not this proneness to exaggerate on the part of children, often to be traced to the mother's ill-concealed smiles of approbation, after hearing some youthful sally of fancy rather than truth.

Children may also be incited to habits of industry. It will certainly cost an effort at first to overcome the natural love of ease; but mothers often foster this by continuing to wait upon their little ones long after the helpless term of infancy has expired, and they have gained the perfect use of limbs and tongue. Rather teach them to wait on you. Many little useful errands may be performed by a very young child; as it grows older, employment of

some kind should be found for its ever busy hands, and you will see that this course promotes both health and happiness. How pitiable a sight it is to behold in after life the effects of childish indolence and self-indulgence! How heavily hangs the time on the hands of the listless and unoccupied, whose early habits have been formed, and found so difficult to overcome! We never liked the character since we used to read in our childish days:—

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain, &c."

Then, too, every mother knows how difficult it is to teach children habits of neatness and order. How common it is to see them toss the hat, or the book, or plaything on the floor, with the consoling remark, "never mind, mother will be sure to pick them up again." If mothers continue to do this, they will soon have their time fully engaged, besides being annoyed with the constant demands made by disorderly and careless children, for articles lost or mislaid, and whose whereabouts mothers are always expected to be in some mysterious manner acquainted. In such a household, where the children are allowed to make a constant litter and confusion, and the mother is worn out with efforts to repair their negligence, comfort cannot be expected to reside. Rather inure your children from the first to habits of order. Teach them that there is "a place for everything, and everything must be in its place." Show them how much easier it is to find an article that has been carefully laid aside, than to be obliged to "hunt the house over," or weary every one with inquiries concerning it. And then how important in after life, this early training to habits of method and system.

Veneration may be exercised towards different objects. When influenced by it in our relations to the Supreme Being, it leads us to abhor the taking of his name in vain. In a lower degree we are required to reverence parents, or those who are superior in age or station to ourselves. It is very essential that these become fixed habits with our children. They should early be taught to dread and dislike the utterance of profane language, or anything that approaches to it. We often hear young persons, who would not on any consideration defile their lips with an oath, yet make the nearest approaches possible to it, by their foolish exclamations of "O mercy!" "my goodness!" &c., which has grown with them into a habit, and which, whether they realize it or not, are the very attributes of the Almighty. Nor can we be too exacting in having children pay due honor and respect to their parents, or others older than them-

selves. The crying sin of the times is this habit of insubordination. It is thought by some that there is something manly and independent in asserting opinions contrary to those of their elders; a course of conduct which makes many a youth vain, opinionated, and insufferable. Cannot this habit be checked in its birth? May not the mother have an influence in teaching the child to respect its elders, and always to value the opinion of those who are more experienced in the ways of the world than it can possibly be?

Children are also said to be naturally selfish and self-indulgent. That this is true to a certain extent there can be no doubt, but that their habits may be changed is equally so. The greed and avarice of a child may be encouraged until it becomes a miser of its toys and cakes, quite as close-fisted as the wretch who lives on the brink of gold, without really enjoying his gains; while generous, open-hearted benevolence, fostered and well directed in youth, may become a benefit to society. Teach the luxury of giving; begin in little things, and you will not lose your own reward.

These hints as to some of the common ill-habits of children, which it is desirable to guard against, are only designed to lead mothers to a careful consideration of the subject, and are not intended to embrace all that a watchful mother will be apt to observe in her constant intercourse with her children. Many of these are personal habits, some of temper or fault-finding, the latter of which is peculiarly disagreeable and annoying, and grows with indulgence. Whatever they may be, lose no time or trouble in eradicating them like ill-weeds from your garden, and supply their places with plants of a beautiful and healthy growth.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

A few Words about Children.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

How often we hear these words from the lips of mature age addressed to, or about children. "Happy childhood!" "Dear child, he will never have so much pleasure again!" "Do let the sweet thing enjoy herself, she is seeing her best days!"

I protest against all such expressions. I know it is almost invariably pleaded that their sorrows must be evanescent, they are so soon forgotten; but are they, really, so soon forgotten? I was staying once with a lady who had a child of two summers. Something crossed him and he wept violently. After he was quieted, and happy at play, his mother remarked—

"I dislike to have him weep so, for he invariably wakes from sleep in the night after such a time, and cries sometimes an hour before I can still him."

If that sorrow did not deeply impress him, why did it live again in his dreams, and at last reach

climax in sobs and tears, that writhed his little body. My father never punished me; but once when I was a small child, he raised his arm, and suspended it as if to give me a blow. I was guiltless of the charge, but never can I forget how earnestly I asseverated my innocence, and the terror I felt until his arm fell and crossed upon his breast, and he said he believed me, and I might go. It was like the suffering of the prisoner awaiting the verdict of the jury. I do not doubt that soon after I was bounding around the yard, and my laugh was as gleeful as the merriest, but for all that, the suffering had burnt into my soul so deep that the lines are plain, to this day, to my eye.

We parents are so strong, so absorbed, so selfish, and so absolute in power. We have the headache, and bad weather warps our nerves; or we overwork, and some gossip frets us, and our best actions and motives are misjudged by our neighbors, and too often our little ones are the weather vanes on whom all storms of temper, and vexation, and gloominess fall. Even in our best hours how often we try them. Perhaps we have a few moments of leisure and feel like having a merry romp with Willie. He is quietly playing with a book of pictures, and his blocks. We catch him up, toss him to the ceiling a few times, trot him on our knee to Banberry Cross, and in the midst of his glee the morning paper comes in. The paper is more tempting to us than the frolic, but what is there for the little one, and he will cling around, and perhaps strike at the paper to provoke to more play, until we are so tired that we exert our authority, and he must be made to mind, if it is gained by blows. His delicate nerves are possibly jarred till the afternoon nap soothes them, and he is so vexing that "pet" and "darling" are supplanted on our lips by, "you cross baby! You fretful child!" intimated by the disagreeable words, until he is ready to break out in rebellion at the very sound, or burst afresh into tears. Now where was the justice?

Who cannot look back and think of some hurried week when especial work must be done? The children were allowed to almost roam at will, all lessons were neglected, and the well filled fruit basket, common store, provided each child would take care of himself without troubling mother. The week was over, and possibly some inopportune—to the children at least—visit to an orderly neighbor threw us back, for the time being, into straighter paths than usual. Then what a time for the little ones. The bow had been unbent until more strength than love could give must be brought to restoring it. The wood walks and the berryings had been so pleasant, how could they be shut up in the dull study again without a struggle. The children were not to blame, yet how perverse we deemed them, and before we got them into orderly paths, how many fretful, if not cross words

were written down against us. O mothers! if we could each remember that every child is living a separate life, with its own hopes, and joys, and sorrows, that it has a right to live, and not be unnecessarily meddled with, if it does not rob some other one, how often would we pause in our authority, that is not curbed by jealous brother rule, and ask, "Are we doing to others as we would have others do to us?"

BEREA, Ohio.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

After the Holidays.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

They were over at last; and Paul, Dora and I were settled back into the old life again; into the studying in the mornings, and the sleigh rides in the afternoons, cutting through the white flannels of winter snows which clothed the earth—the naked, desolate, uncomely earth, which had waited for the snow so long.

The holidays were over, and yet their memories clung to us all, and we loved to go back in the long winter evenings and talk them over together, and we would see the old church lighted again, and the great Christmas tree before the pulpit, and the crowd of small shining heads in the front seats, all turned eager and breathless towards it.

There it stood, the small tapers burning like stars thick among the dark green branches, the great oranges glowing like crimson globes among the boughs, and festoons of red swamp and cranberries blazing like coral and carnelians amid all. And there, too, stood the great tree, in whose branches the young birds had built their small nests, and the sweet summer winds had sung, and which had gathered the snows of so many winter nights and held them up in the mornings on its many boughs like heaps of wide blossomed lilies; there it stood, now every branch burdened with its Christmas gifts for many children; some hiding among the thick leaves, some shining out bright with gold and silver adornments; gifts beautiful, and rare, and varied, to make the eyes leap, and the hearts beat for joy, as the little children's hands closed over them.

And as I said, Philip, and Dora, and I, loved to talk all this over as we sat together in the long winter evenings which followed the holidays, and played with our new games, which were among the gifts that the Christmas tree had held for us.

But whenever we talked of the eager crowd of faces which thronged the church and bent down from the galleries, as one after another the gifts were taken down from the branches, and the names of the recipients thereof read out loud and clear, and the little, eager hands stretched out, the memory of somewhat I had seen and overheard in the old church came like a little shadow, creeping through all the brightness of that Christmas evening.

There sat in the seat before me a small boy and girl; the girl the smaller of the two. They were pretty children, dressed very plainly, perhaps I had better say, poorly. The girl had blue eyes, and hair of yellow gold, with lights in both, and the boy's eyes and hair were like hers, only a shade darker, and they looked with faces brimful of interest and eagerness on the Christmas tree; and their young voices mingled sweetly with the other young voices which sang that night their hymns of thanksgiving and jubilee.

But, after the little, strange children had watched for a long time, as one and another happy child went up to receive the gift of the Christmas tree, the little girl put up her lips to her brother's, and I heard her soft whisper—

"Don't you believe, Tommy, somebody will call our names? I want us to have a present too."

"We can't, Mary. You see nobody knows us in all the great church."

I saw the little face falter and fall, and as I held my box with its pretty parlor furniture in one hand, and my doll in the other, my heart ached for the little boy and girl sitting there all unknown and uncared for in the seat before me. I thought how sad and desolate they must feel, just as I should in their places; and I wondered if they hadn't hung their stockings by their bed-sides, and risen up when the faint gray dawn was breaking up the long darkness of the night, and searched with hearts that fairly stood still for wonder and joy, for the gifts that loving hands had placed inside—ah me! what a strange, sad, lonely day Christmas must seem without these things!

At last the gifts were all distributed; the last name was called; the glad children were bending glad faces over their new, pretty toys; and the little girl drew up hers to her brother, and amid the general joy hers was sorrowful.

"Oh, Tommy, they've all got something pretty but us!" she whispered.

"But, Mary, we don't know anybody here, you see," trying to comfort the little grieved thing, though he was not more than two or three years her senior, and his face was sad too. "We couldn't expect they'd give us anything."

The great tears ran over the little face.

"But they've all got something pretty—all but us. I wanted a Christmas gift too, Tommy!" Oh

dear! the times that little, tearful face has arisen and stood before me—the times that grieved little voice has rung in my ears since that Christmas night.

At last I told Philip and Dora about it. They both listened intently, and though Philip is two years older than I, the tears were in his great brown eyes, as they were on Dora's cheeks when I concluded.

"They must live somewhere in Woodleaf, I'm certain," said Dora, "or they wouldn't have been at the church on Christmas night."

"There's a family moved into the little white cottage just beyond the turnpike," said Philip. "I heard Mr. Ramsdell asking the doctor to call there, for the mother was ill, and the father had gone to the war; and they had two children too young to help themselves—a boy and a girl."

"It must be the very one. Oh, Philip, I'm sorry for them."

"I wish we could do something for them," said Dora, my little brown-eyed sister, and her bright face was thoughtful.

"We could carry them some of our toys. They are younger than we, and we could spare them well enough," added Philip.

"That's a capital idea. Oh, Philip, it would do my heart good to make that little girl's face glad," I cried.

And then we told the story to dear mamma, and obtained her full consent to give just what we liked, and Alice offered her last year's doll and wicker cradle, as good as new, and Phil his regiment of soldiers, and I my pretty set of china; and mamma added to these a handsome tippet for the boy and a scarf for the girl; and after our lessons and dinner were over, we started—Phil, and Dora, and I, for the little white house near the turnpike.

The little girl came to the door. Her blue eyes opened wide with wonder and pleasure when she saw us; and she asked us into the little plain, but pleasant parlor, saying that mamma was able to sit up now, and we could go to her room in a minute.

"We haven't come to see her, but you and your brother Thomas," said Philip.

And the child's eyes grew wider for wonder, as she ran and summoned her brother. Philip was, by virtue of his age and general fitness, chief speaker on this occasion, and Dora and I thought he accomplished the matter with marvellous skill.

When Thomas Hughes entered the room with his little sister's hand in his, my brother stated briefly that we had learned of the sad omission which had took place on Christmas night, because of the little strangers amongst us, and we had come now, late as it was, to do all in our power to mend the matter, and had brought our Christmas offerings, and he laid on the table the great bundle, and cut the string, and the pretty gifts were before the wondering eyes of the children.

What they said, I cannot well remember, perhaps

it was not so very much after all, but oh! if you could have seen their faces—if you could have looked on little Mary Hughes, as she bowed her head bright with yellow curls over the pretty gifts, and sobbed for joy; if you could have seen her lift up her face to her brother, and heard her words, "Oh, Tommy, we've got our Christmas gifts after all!" it would have melted your heart, if it is not hard as a stone. And when the pale, gentle mother learned all, and feebly made her way into the room, and laid her thin hand on our heads and blessed us, we—Philip, Dora, and I—wondered if we had any joy deeper and sweeter than that which came "after the holidays," and we who had thanked God so many times for ourselves, now thanked Him for others!

The New Dress.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Dear me," sighed little Katy, "I am so vexed about this dress of mine. Don't you think, Aunt Eva, Maggie Lee, the baker's girl, had one so exactly like it to-day. I do wish mother had sent out of town to buy it, so there would not have been so many alike. I cannot bear the sight of it now."

"Isn't it a very good dress?" asked Aunt Eva.

"Why, yes, auntie, it is the very best I have, and that is what makes me so provoked. Such an ugly thing as she is, too," and Katy's face looked very unlovely with that angry flush on her cheeks.

"Should you not rather be very thankful the poor child can have so good a dress. Our Heavenly Father does not take any pleasure in that exclusive spirit which is angry when others can share in our good things. He does not single out a few fields and houses for his sun to shine on, but gives the same daylight to the 'evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust.' Oh, Katy, dear, throw aside all such narrow views and feelings, and learn to rejoice in all the good that others enjoy, as much as in your own. What possible difference can it make with your dress, if another child does have one like it. The Bible must just what it says when it bids us 'love our neighbor as ourselves.' You can never take such feelings to Heaven with you, Katy. Do you think angels are angry because a companion wears the same 'white raiment' God has given them? Remember we must try every day to cultivate those things that will make us fit for Heaven, where all is perfect love and harmony. No one is ever selfish there, dear Katy. The more of the dear Saviour's spirit we have here on earth the happier we shall be, and the better we shall be fitted for dwelling throughout eternity with Him."

"Patrick, how long has it been since you left Ireland?"

"Eighteen months, my lord; but I've been there twice since."

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Housekeeping Stores.

BY J. E. M'C.

Every young lady who is preparing for house-keeping herself, will find a great advantage in keeping a box or chest, to be stocked with homely articles of every-day use, which are too seldom thought of until needed. In making up her carpets there are always little pieces left, which when properly bound and a loop made in one corner make excellent iron-holders. The bits of Brussels carpets make nice ones to hang by the stove or fireplace, and everyone will attest their convenience. There is little danger of your ever making too many. Then a salt sack, such as you buy at the grocer's for a few shillings, makes a number of nice dish towels, which you will miss very much if you do not provide them beforehand. It was a curiosity to see the number of cotton bags of all sizes that good Mrs. Robinson made for her daughter, and stored away in the chest containing all such supplies. When there was a bit of cloth left over after making some article, it was very likely sewed up into a bag and a string of tape run in, and then laid aside "to be called for when wanted," and the calls have been pretty numerous. The right thing in the right place cannot be valued in money. I know a gentleman, now professor in a college, who would never pass a pin without picking it up, for he said he had seen the time when he would give a quarter of a dollar for one. The practice of a good housekeeper I once heard of is well worthy of imitation. She had in a store-room a number of bags hung around on separate nails, with the contents written on a broad strip of tape and sewed on to the side. One was for "old linen," another for "old cotton, old black silk, pieces of dresses, pieces of boys' clothes, old stockings, new cotton, old flannels, new flannels," and so on. So it was easy to find anything of the kind when wanted, and the family always knew where to put away such articles. One can scarcely estimate the convenience and real comfort of such a simple arrangement. It helps, too, to form a habit of order, which is of the greatest importance in every family.

The young housekeeper should not forget to supply plenty of dusters, which may be breadths of dresses, so faded and thin they can be used for nothing else, and a hem run around will make them last twice as long. Floor-cloths, lamp wicks, twine, and even wrapping paper will not come amiss, and will take but a little portion of your store box. Be sure, too, that a good cook book is added, and it will save you a great deal of trouble and mortification, whether you use it yourself or

direct another. But "with all your gettings," get a good understanding of the ways of housekeeping in all its departments, for then only can you be really qualified to assume the position of head of a house.

STRENGTHENING JELLY.—1 oz. of isinglass, 1 oz. of gum arabic, 1 oz. of sugar candy, dissolved in half-a-pint of port wine. Let it stand all night (add 1 pint more wine if you like it strong), and (next day) let it simmer on the fire till well dissolved, then strain and keep for use (in this case the preparation assumes the jujube appearance). If half-a-pint of water be added (before simmering) the usual jelly appearance is produced.

SEED CAKE.—Beat 1 lb. of fresh butter to cream, add 1 lb. of loaf sugar, and beat both together until they become white, then add 2 eggs, beat for some time, add 2 more, and so on until you have added 12. Have $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour sifted, mix among it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. orange peel and 1 lb. of citron peel cut small, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sweet almonds, blanched and cut small, then mix all together, but stir it as little as possible. Have a hoop or mould prepared, put the cake in, smooth with a knife and scatter a few carraways at the top. Bake two hours and a half in a moderate oven.

TO MAKE A PLUM-PUDDING.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of finely grated bread crumbs and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fine flour, mix them well together; 1 lb. of suet chopped small, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. of the best raisins, stoned and chopped slightly, the yolks of 8 eggs, and the whites of 4 well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, half a nutmeg grated, 1 teaspoonful of beaten ginger, 2 oz. of sweet almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of candied citron, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of candied lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of mixed spice, the grated rind of a lemon, and three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, 1 wine-glass of brandy, and the same of port wine. Mix all together, adding to the eggs as much milk as will make the pudding a proper consistency, remembering that when mixed it must be thick. Boil five hours, and before serving pour another wine-glassful of brandy gently over the pudding.

A PLAIN PLUM-PUDDING.—Chop 1 lb. of suet very fine—as fine as dust. Stone 1 lb. of fine plump raisins. Wash, pick, and dry 1 lb. of currants. Beat up thoroughly the yolks of 8 eggs and the whites of 4, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, beat them together, and stir in gradually 1 lb. of flour. Then mix in suet, spice, fruit, and as much more milk as is necessary to make it thin enough, but it should still remain very thick. It is as well to

have $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk ready, but most likely rather less than 1 pint will suffice. For spice, mix a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and the same of cinnamon. Tie the pudding in a cloth, or put it in a shape, and let it boil full five hours.

BARLEY CREAM.—Take 2 lbs. of perfectly clean veal, or 3 lbs. of the scrag, free from fat; chop it well. Wash thoroughly $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pearl barley; put it into a saucepan with two quarts of water and some salt. Let all simmer gently together until reduced to one quart. Take out the bones and rub the remainder through a fine hair sieve with a wooden spoon. It should be the same consistency as good cream; add a little more salt if requisite, and a little mace if approved of. This makes light and nourishing food for invalids.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Make a puff paste, cover the outside of a small pie-dish with it, and bake; when done it forms the shape of the dish. Take 12 good baking apples, pare and core them, stew for an hour and a half, with a piece of lemon peel, sweeten to your taste, then put them into the paste, whip up the whites of 3 or 4 eggs to a strong froth; sweeten with loaf sugar; add them on to

the top of the apples, and put the whole into the oven to lightly brown over. Serve in a napkin.

TO MAKE SKELETON LEAVES.—Have a large deep earthen pot, or wooden cask, with the head off, fill it with rain water, then put your leaves or seed vessels in, taking care that they are selected in a state sufficiently matured for the seedy fibre to be completely formed, that is, the leaf must neither be flaccid from youth nor dry from age. Let them remain in the cask without changing the water until they become pulpy, and their outer skin and fleshy matter will brush off. This should be done carefully with a common painter's brush. Should any part of the skin remain firmly fixed, put them again into the water, and wait patiently; patience and carefulness being the only requisites for success. When perfectly clean bleach the skeletons in chloride of lime. Magnolia leaves of all kinds require maceration from three weeks to three months. Tulip and pear three weeks, ivy (very pretty) two months, orange and lemon six months, mulberry (difficult) two or three weeks. Seed vessels are more troublesome, but exceedingly pretty. These, as well as the leaves, should be carefully looked at every two or three weeks whilst in the water.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Wounds and their Treatment.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Wounds, fractures, &c., occur not only upon the battle field, travelling on railcars, but in all situations of life. Hence it is highly important that all persons should understand something of their nature, and be able to render immediate temporary assistance.

In this article we purpose to give a few rules by which immediate assistance may be rendered to the afflicted.

Slight cuts may be dressed with thin pieces of sticking plaster of requisite size and length, pressed on the sides of the wound, and so drawn in the opposite direction as to close the edges of the wound as near as possible.

Large and deep cuts require a broad piece cut at the ends for lapping so as to resemble the teeth of a comb. Place the whole part around the limb, without salve except over the wound, arrange the cut ends of the bandage so as to interlace each other, taking the pieces on the right hand side in one hand, those on the left in the other, draw snugly each way so as to close the edges of the wound. Cut wounds will knit together and heal sooner if bound up in their own blood, than if washed before being bound up. Brown sugar,

sprinkled on wounds, is said to be a preventive of mortification.

In severe and deep wounds, rest and a proper position are essential to restoration. The wounded part should be placed in such a position as to favor the return of blood from it to the heart. In wounds of the hand or arm, the arm should be kept in a sling, broad enough to support the whole weight of the forearm.

To relieve the pain of an inflamed hand or finger, raise it over the head. In this position the blood easily returns to the heart. Invalids are often inclined to raise their hands over their head, and often feel more comfortable with them in that position. When instinctively inclined to place them thus, they may be permitted to remain with ease to the sufferer.

In dressing wounds always prepare the new dressings before removing the old ones. Have ready hot and cold water, and some water in a kettle in which to place the old dressings when designed to be saved. Have sufficient assistance at hand, and tell each person what to do before commencing operations. Never be impatient or in a hurry when applying dressings. Place the patient in as easy a position as possible.

Caution is necessary in cleansing dressings from wounds, sores, &c. They need not, and ought not

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to be cleansed by hand; but in the following manner: remove and drop them into a kettle of lukewarm water, place out door to soak a few hours, take out with a stick or tongs to drain out the water, empty the kettle, have ready some weak lye, place them in it, add a little soap and boil them out doors for half an hour; take them out to drain again, empty the kettle, add more clean lye and soap and boil as at first. Then rinse with the tongs through half a dozen waters, and place in clean water to soak over night, (when not wanted for immediate use) before hanging up to dry. Very foul bandages ought to be buried or burned out door to prevent exposure of people or animals to disease.

Bandages should be free from hems or hard seams, and sewed on, instead of pinned, to avoid the danger of their use.

When it is necessary to apply a bandage at once and the materials are not at hand, any ordinary handkerchief may be substituted. When wanted to bandage the head, fold triangularly from corner to corner. Place the base around the head, lap the two ends over the middle corner back of the head, fetch around and tack or pin in case of emergency; but so adjust the pins that the points may remain outside. A handkerchief may be folded triangularly, twisted into a cord, with a knot tied in the middle for a compress, to be placed over an artery to prevent fatal hemorrhage. This ligature should be placed between the wound and

the heart, with the knot directly over the artery. Pressure on a wound will arrest violent bleeding until a surgeon arrives.

Hemorrhage from an artery may be known by the blood *jumping* out of the wound, and being of a bright scarlet color. When a vein is injured the blood is darker and flows continuously. When wounded in the arms elevate them above the head, when in the lower limbs elevate them higher than the hips. When large blood vessels are wounded the flow of blood must be soon stopped, or the person will die.

In painful wounds the bed clothes should be so arranged over the wound that their weight may not increase pain. This may be done by placing a chair, resting upon the edge of its back and front over the wounded limb under the bed clothes; but is not so convenient or agreeable to the patient as a frame made of hoops cut in two parts fastened a half foot apart at each end with straight sticks. This makes a frame that may be placed over the wound without discomfiture to the patient, affording much relief in supporting the weight of the bed clothes.

Wounds should not be dressed with cloth that has been exposed to flies, as their eggs may hatch by the warmth of a wound and create maggots. When this is the case the wound should be immediately redressed and the maggots killed. Fractures and their treatment will require another article.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

We clip from London and Paris journals and correspondence a few notes on prevailing styles:—

Now that dresses are made with short waists, aprons are very general for home wear. They are made short, and are very fancifully ornamented. Black glacé silk and black moiré antique are the favorite materials of which these aprons are composed. As we said before, they are short, and are generally rounded at the corners, although some few are made square. Those made of moiré antique look well trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, about an inch wide, with a white satin edge. Upon each row steel buttons are sewn. The pockets, which are slanting, are trimmed to correspond. Black glacé silk aprons are sometimes ornamented with bands of black velvet with the Greek design stitched in white silk; others with a quilting of black silk all round, beaded with a band of jet. All have small pockets in front, and are plaited into a very narrow compass at the waist. Small black velvet aprons are also made, trimmed with bands ornamented with small steel beads; in

short, there is an endless variety in these small articles of dress.

Young ladies' bonnets are now generally made in light-colored materials, and drawn bonnets with plain crowns in sky-blue velvet with a spray of Bengal roses both outside and inside, proves very becoming to a young blonde; but if the complexion is dark and the eyes black, an embroidered tulle bonnet is preferred, trimmed with a bouquet of velvet verberna and grass, and with cerise velvet in the cap, mixed with verberna.

Black feathers are extensively employed for ornamenting bonnets; these feathers are so astonishingly light that one wonders from what marvellous plumage they are produced. But like the others, they come from that of the ostrich, and their extreme lightness is owing to a very simple process. The best ostrich feathers are chosen, and then each single blade, so to speak, of the feather is split up and divided into two, and this operation produces a very happy result. A young lady adorned with these snowy aerial feathers, looks like a winter fairy covered with snow flakes. A bride's bonnet, made entirely

of blonde, with a tuft to these snowy feathers upon the edge, which fall on the coronet inside, composed of white velvet narciissus, is one of the most appropriate bonnets for such an occasion one can imagine. Very young girls do not, upon any pretext, wear a bonnet; they adopt instead the round hat of Louis XII. or Henri III. form, which are narrow at the sides and high in the crown. They wear their hair in invisible nets, without bows or ruche, or any other ornament; the hair is carried off the face, and the hat is placed forward on the forehead. These hats are worn in black or gray felt, with a torseade of terry velvet for demi-toilettes. They are also made in white felt, in black velvet, in gray velvet, with a feather of the same shade, or with a single light-colored feather in the centre. These hats are very becoming to young girls.

Shawls, which have no decided color in the centre, but are covered all over with a graceful design, in which no striking color predominates, but all are blended and harmonious, are considered in the best taste. The plaid woollen square shawls black and white, red and black, and violet and black, which were so popular last winter, have become common this season, and find but few purchasers. The knitted Shetland shawls, either scarlet or white with black borders, are much worn at the present moment for throwing over the shoulders, during the cold winter evenings. There are now many imitations of this style of shawl which are woven, but these manufactured ones, although they are to be purchased at a much lower price, are not nearly so soft or warm as the genuine knitted Shetland shawl.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," and "Leisure Hours in Town." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martin.

This volume gives us sixteen sermons by the genial Scotch preacher, Rev. Mr. Boyd, whose "Recreations" have made him so widely and favorably known in this country. Of course, they are graver—dealing in doctrinal precepts, and urging the necessity of a religious life—than his pleasant magazine essays, which have already taken rank among the best things of their kind in English literature. Introductory to these sermons, is a paper entitled "Sundays Long Ago," in which we have the essayist rather than the theologian. It is in the style and spirit of the "Recreations."

In the sermons we find, as we expected to find, liberality of view, clear insight into human nature, a tender and earnest sympathy with hearts in strife with inward evil and outward trouble. Let us give a few brief extracts. First from a discourse based on the theme, "How God feels towards mankind:—"

"You know how much you would do for your children: you know how anxious you are to care for them in every way. You know how a father will work, and how a mother will watch, all for the good of their little ones. You know how much of the work that is done by men in this world, and how much of the care that is felt, is not for themselves at all, but for their children: all for them. After the dream of fame is past,—after ambition is outgrown,—the man toils on as steadfastly and earnestly as in his most hopeful and most aspiring days,—that he may provide for his little ones; that he may see them in comfort and happiness;

that he may push them on (as he trusts and prays) to be far better and happier than ever he was himself. The human heart is always the same: you do that now, my friends; and so you may be sure that people did that long ago, in the days when Christ was here. Well, says Christ, you know all that. You know all that, says His blessed voice: and now hear me and believe me when I tell you, that the great Father above is just like that; only a thousand-fold better. If even you, sinful and evil, would wear your fingers to the bone, would lose your rest, would cut off every selfish indulgence, that you might see your children's wants supplied, that you might see the little things happy and good,—then take this blessed truth to your heart, that in all you feel towards your children, you have a faint and far reflection of how the great God above us feels towards you. He feels for us just like that: cares for us, loves us, wishes us well, works for us. And if you know that when your poor little boy or girl comes to you, and asks you for something that is needful and right, they will not ask in vain; then be sure that when we go, with our feeble words and our many sins, and ask what we need from God, he is as ready to bend down from the throne of the universe, as with a smile on his kind face, and listen to our imperfect petitions, and help them out, and give us in answer all that is right for us, thoughtfully and graciously. And hear me when I tell you, my Christian friends, that even such is the picture we should have in our minds of the Christian's God! Not the grim tyrant, not the mere rigorous and inflexible punisher, that some misguided and gloomy religionists worship, and terrify their children with; not a being all severity, and wrath, and

cursing, and woe; not a being hard and cold as granite; not a being that damns little children that never sinned, and then asks us to thank Him for doing it; not a being that made millions for sin and misery, and looks on in gloomy satisfaction as His poor creatures are consigned to hell, all for his glory. Call that black vision, conjured up by heartless and soulless logicians, as though they longed to drive man away from his Maker,—call it Moloch, or Juggernaut, if you will; but never dream that in that you see the Christian's God,—the God revealed to our love and hope in the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ! No; our God is one who, while hating the sin, pities and loves the sinner; one who wills not that *any* should perish; one who made a real sacrifice, the greatest, by sending His Son to die that we might live; one who would that His glory should be vindicated by our bliss and salvation; who 'sent His Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life;' who entreats us to come to Him and trust Him and believe that He loves us; who has manifested himself to us in no grim face, and in no cruel judge, but in the kindest heart that ever beat, and the kindest face this world ever saw; or where can we find a better and happier way of saying the truth than our Saviour's own way,—a kind Father listening to our prayers, with patience and love and care of which our best feelings are but the feeble reflection: 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more,—oh, listen to it,—how much more, shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?'"

Next a passage from a sermon on the text, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

"And I ask you, my brethren, to remark the kind of peace and rest which the Saviour gives his people; and will give us, if we seek and pray for it. If quiet and peace could be had only by withdrawing from the duties and occupations of active life, then quiet and peace for most of us could never be. Not many of us, perhaps, could escape from manifold work and care in this life. Where most of us are placed in this world, we are likely to remain to the end; it is not in our power to fly to some far and still retreat, in whose quiet we might escape the evils and troubles here. And the corner will never be found in this world, where care and evil shall be unknown by human beings. But the peace which the Saviour gives his own, is peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that 'central peace' which may 'subsist at the heart of endless agitation.' When you look at the believer's busy life, you may see no trace of his inward peace of soul. But you know that the ocean, under the hurricane, is lashed into those huge waves and that wild foam only upon the surface. Not very far down, the waters are still as an autumn noon; there is not a ripple or breath or motion. And so, my friends, if we had the faith we ought, though

there might be ruffles upon the surface of our lot, we should have the inward peace of perfect faith in God. Amid the dreary noises of this world; amid its cares and tears; amid its hot contentions, ambitions, and disappointments; we should have an inner calm like the serene ocean depths, to which the influence of the wild winds and waves above can never come!"

"Spiritual insensibility" is the burden of one discourse. We make an extract.

"Now, my friends, there is no doubt at all, that in the nature of things, by the very make of our being, we have to lament that we are far less impressed and affected by spiritual truths than we ought to be. We know them; we understand them; we believe them; but somehow we do not realize them; we do not, in short, *feel* them. And till we have in some degree 'passed from death to life,'—from death, with its torpor and insensibility, to life, with its keen senses and its quick perception,—we never can rightly feel spiritual things in their overwhelming reality and importance. And perhaps, indeed, so long as our souls are clogged by these mortal bodies, the true force and meaning of those grand realities which are discerned by faith and not by sight will never be felt by us as they ought. Oh, there would be no wicked men, if people realized what is meant by heaven and hell; there would be no worldly men, if people realized what is meant by time and eternity; there would be no heart cold to the gracious invitations of the Blessed Redeemer, if people realized to their hearts how kind and merciful and forbearing and gracious He was and is; and realized to their hearts that in that gentle, sympathizing loving Being, we see the visible image of the invisible God! But true as all this is; true as it is that at no period in our life, not even when the heart is softest and the head least sophisticated, do we naturally feel spiritual things as they ought to be felt; still it is true no less, that as we grow hardened through the wear of life, we must, apart from Divine grace, grow less and less impressible by them. Even in earliest youth we do not feel divine things as we ought; but in the common course of things, as we grow older, we shall always feel them less; because as we grow older, all feeling becomes less easily awakened, religious feeling and natural feeling alike. We grow so familiar with divine things, that they cease to strike us as they might strike a stranger. We know so thoroughly well all that the preacher can say to us, that his words fall upon our ears with the worn-out interest of a twenty-times repeated tale. What can we hear when we go to church that we do not know already? What argument can at this time of day be addressed to us, with which we have not been many times already plied? Oh for a return of the days when we first believed in Christ! Oh for a revival of the warm, fresh feelings of communion Sabbaths past and gone! Oh for a return of those early

days when the tears flowed at gospel story; when, with the warm, touched heart, we traced the life of the Man of Sorrows from the manger to the grave, and listened to his comfortable words, and watched his deeds of mercy, and felt our souls burn within us at the recollection that all he did and all he suffered was done and suffered for us, and for such as we are! Oh for a revival of those better days, before years and care and hard experience had withered up the heart, and frozen the founts of feeling!"

And the following is from "Light at Evening:—"

"Let me further mention to you, as another occasion on which the gracious promise in the text has often proved true to the Christian, the season of great trial,—of losses, disappointments, bereavements. Every one knows that these are indeed dark seasons in our life; and the Christian knows that it has often happened that wonderful support and strong consolation have often been vouchsafed to him as he was passing through them,—that amid the dreary evening there stole in a strange, unearthly light. And I am not thinking now of those times when the darkness was, so to speak, entirely dissipated,—when the threatened trial was prevented from coming at all; when the hope, though long deferred, met with its fulfilment at last, when the dear one whose loss you dreaded was wonderfully restored and spared to you. I desire you to think of those sad seasons when sorrow did its very worst; when the cherished plan was entirely frustrated, when the possession you so prized was wrecked, and the friend you so loved died. Even then, have you not sometimes found it so, that a heavenly light has stolen into the bleeding heart, into the darkened chamber, into the house of death? No doubt indeed, it was a sore trial when it pleased God to shut against you the way to that earthly eminence, honor, usefulness, on which you had set your heart; no doubt it was a miserable time when you were forced to turn your back upon the scenes and the friends you loved best in this world, and, pressed by the hard exigencies of life, to go far away; no doubt, it was a time not even yet to be remembered but with some return of the old aching desolation, when death made the first break in the family circle, and you saw the face that used to brighten at your presence, heedless, fixed, and cold. These were indeed the dark periods of your life; but still the darkness was not quite unrelieved. Did you not feel, with something like surprise, that now the worst had come, you were far less crushed down by it than you had expected; that whatever was taken from you, you still had much left to be thankful for; that as for the disappointment,—well, perhaps things were better as that were; that as for the bereavement, bitter as that was, you could bear it when you remembered how far happier it was to be a pure and blessed spirit in the perfect safety and peace above,

than to be perhaps a poor sufferer in this evil world of sin, and peril, and sorrow, and risk of endless loss; and when you remember, too, that the same happy world to which your lost friend had gone before you was inviting you no less to enter upon its endless rest, and quiet, and union. And so, at the evening-time there came light; quietly, meekly, humbly, you set yourself to the duties that remained to you; you would do your task, you thought, though with a breaking heart; you would try to feel kindly towards all around you, though you never could care for any as for those who were no longer here; resignation and content might come, you thought, but cheerfulness and light-heartedness you did not look for; till, as the days and weeks crept on, you felt the revival of the old interest in life; you ceased to feel it a mournful contrast between the desolate feeling within, and the smiling face of the summer world; you felt the strength growing equal to the day, the strong consolation matching the need for it; the cloud was there yet, but the sunshine was breaking through; it was still the twilight, but there, in the distant horizon, you could see the dawn of brighter days; you had found, in a word, the fulfilment of God's blessed promise, that grace, and strength, and consolation should come when they were most needed but least expected; that "at the evening-time there shall be light!"

NO NAME. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A story full of plot and incident, both of which are managed with remarkable skill. The volume is illustrated with a large number of engravings from original designs by John McLennan, including a portrait of the author. Those who have read the "Woman in White," will not require much persuasion to take up "No Name." Wilkie Collins is a son of Collins the artist, whose "Happy as a King," "Sale of the Pet Lamb," and other productions of that kind, are so well known. As a novelist he shows great power in the action of his stories, and singular skill in their management. His characters are strongly individualized, and well sustained.

AURORA FLOYD: A DOMESTIC NOVEL. By Miss M. E. Brandon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers

During the appearance of this story in "Temple Bar," it attracted considerable interest, which increased to the end. It is one of the sensation novels of the day, skillfully managed, and showing both talent and power.

A PRESENT HEAVEN Addressed to a Friend By the author of "The Patience of Hope" Boston Ticknor & Fields 1863. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

The writer is, evidently, one who has had deep religious thought and experience, and sees in the Divine Law a present and living power, instead of cold historical precepts. Christians of all shades

of doctrinal belief, will find in this book an aid to self-inspection, and also many tests which, if rigidly applied to faith and life, will show how far their religious hopes are soundly based. We recognize in the author one of superior culture, a liberal mind, and calm interior thought. The publishers announce another volume in press from the same pen, entitled "The Two Friends."

We cannot help noticing, with disapprobation, the bad taste of another title page without a punctuation mark. Books printed from fonts of type, cast in imitation of the early and imperfect efforts of type makers, may be accepted as novelties, though not sanctioned as in the circle of good taste; but, the unpunctuated title page is going a little too far, and demands a protest.

LINE LEFT OUT: or, Some of the Histories left out in "Line upon Line." The First Part relates to Events in the times of the Patriarchs and Judges. By the author of "Line upon Line," "Reading without Tears," &c. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A book of Scripture histories for the young, with many illustrations, by a well known writer for children.

THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the the University of the City of New York. New York: *Harper & Bros.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The seventh edition of a work standard in the profession. The author holds a high position in the school of medicine to which he belongs. His "Institutes," embody a vast amount of pathological information, which even the unprofessional may read with interest and instruction. The Doctor, judging from his remarks on vicesection, is in favor of the old "vigorous" class of practitioners. We should

doubt the utility of blood-letting to the extent he recommends. The argument from nature, that she relieves in many cases by copious hemorrhages, thus leading to the cure of diseases which had baffled the physician, is open to this objection, that nature, so to speak, sees from within outwards, and comprehends the exact condition of the system—a thing not possible for the physician, who may apply his exhaustive lancet at the worst time, and hinder instead of promoting a healthy reaction.

BROADCAST. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*. Philadelphia: *Martien*.

A volume made up of the author's briefly recorded hints for sermons. Having served their first purpose, he has given them to the reading public. They are not pithy enough for aphorisms, nor so marked by originality, or elastic thought, as to act upon the mind with a quickening power. As memoranda, the paragraphs served no doubt a valuable end; but they are, in the main, too crude, cold and heavy to be of much use to the public.

MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from Celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By Emeric Szabad, Captain U. S. A. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Our impatient people are beginning to learn, through many sad disappointments, that war is a science, and must be conducted on clearly established principles. A careful perusal of this volume, in which many celebrated European campaigns and battles are introduced in illustration of particular war movements, will enlighten quite a number of our conceited army critics. It will also give to the more reflective the means of forming truer estimates in regard to the manner in which our generals are conducting the gigantic conflict in which we are now engaged.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Familiar Letter to the Editor.

DEAR MR. ANTHUR:—

I was very much interested in your story, "Was it Murder or Suicide?" in the November and December numbers of the Home Magazine; and while it is a true picture of Eastern life, where they have an aristocracy, it is yet as unlike our Western way of getting along as well can be. If the poor sewing-girl, Miss Carson, were out here, she would be one of the *élite*—our best women would give her the best seat at the best table, and each would vie who should do her the most honor. For such efficient help as she, being at the same time lady,

like in her manners, is too rare a boon to be lightly prized in Illinois. As for the Mrs. Lowe class, during a seven years' residence in the West, I have never known one of them; nor have I yet known a woman so rich, or so aristocratic, or so well off, that she has not had now and then to turn to and do her own housework for days and weeks at a time, while the husband was riding all over "creation" in the best carriage to find help—often in vain. It is a trick of policy to take the best carriage, that the uninitiated Dutch or Irish girl may be dazzled by the imaginary splendor that await her. For my part, I never yet could decide on which class is right, the women in the West,

who have their hired girls eat at the table with them, or those who forbid it. The latter class find it very hard to get help, and receive their quantum of abuse behind their backs for their "pride and airs," while the former class feel almost discouraged in trying to teach their children "manners" at the table.

"Don't dip your bread in the gravy dish, my dear," says mamma.

"Sally always does it when you are away," replies the youngster; and then mother must keep still, else Sally will be off without a moment's warning.

You have been very particular to teach the children to sup noiselessly, to eat without smacking, to put spoons in their mouths instead of knives, to not lip their plates in taking their soup, etc., etc., but Sally makes chaos of all your regulations, and yet you dare not leave her for the second table, on the principle that when you are in Rome, you must do as the Romans do, and it is only an exception here and there who do not have their hired help eat with them, and these few, as I have intimated before, are outlawed by the work-people. Now I never knew my father or mother to eat a meal with or in the same room with one of their hired people yet, but I would hardly dare to tell this to a hired girl, lest their respected memories might be abused, or that she might disbelieve me. She has lived in Lawyer Clark's (the most aristocratic family in Bington), she has lived in Dr. Chesney's, whose house cost ten thousand dollars; she was a year with the honorable Mrs. Bungay, and none of these ever thought of setting her at a second table—nor dare I.

Happily, all our hired help are not of Sally's stamp; now and then one gets a girl as nicely brought up as one's own child need want to be, and then the mother "makes hay while the sun shines" in teaching the children table manners. What a relief, too, that when she comes in from shopping or making a morning call, her ears will not be saluted with "By golly," or "Darn it," or "By jingo," from some of her little gronp.

Lecture the children as we may, the hired help have as much to do with making their characters as we have, and yet in the West, where the equalization of all classes seems to be the order of the day—where the most ignorant girl is the most exacting, it is a hard thing to bring up one's children right. How I would like the Mrs. Loves of Boston, and New York, and Philadelphia, to get transferred to our prairies for a brief period, just to wash off the accumulated pride with which their shoulders are overburdened. For awhile, they would get along very well with the good help they would bring with them; but by and by these would have launched into the sea of matrimony, and then alas for Mrs. Lowe—she would have to stoop down from her pinnacle, and do her washing now and then, and her scrubbing, and her other housework, or else—or else let it go undone. I am aware that

this is rather a hard picture, but I seldom ever see a true picture in print of domestic life in the West, and one likes to get at the truth sometimes. Well, Mrs. Fremont did her own housework in California, and we have one good example for laying our hands down. I am called an abolitionist, and though I be, I can hardly help sympathizing with Southern women, who are in danger of being left as we are; they have slaves; we want servants.

A newly-married couple comes out from the East and commences life on our prairie; he breaks, and plows, and fences, and sows, and she makes butter, and raises chickens and turkeys, and does her own housework and sewing. She has just as much as she can manage, and when she has no more, we waste no sympathy on her. But half a dozen years have passed away, and two or three little nestlings are making music in the prairie home, and the young wife has sold half a dozen hundred dollars worth of butter and cheese, and performed a hired girl's work in washing and cooking for the farm hands, and her husband is worth twice as much as when they commenced farming. She feels her strength is beginning to give out, and still she has to go on, on, as at the beginning. I pity the woman, for if she gets to be as rich as Cressus, she will have no more comfort or ease than she has now, until her daughters rise up to call her blessed, or she calls them blessed in taking some of the drudgery off her shoulders. Now a good hired girl would have rendered this woman's life happy, for she had everything else, and I for one would go in for having the contrabands of the South scattered over the West as much as possible. The colored people would have good homes, and the women of the West, who have helped their husbands to accumulate property, would get a little respite, a little comfort from the money they have helped to earn.

The Elizabeth Hand of Miss Mulock's story is a specimen of the genus homo not to be found on the American continent—I think a something so intensely English that one imagines her a relic of the feudal times, instead of a peasant girl of the nineteenth century. We have read of vassals killing themselves when their lords were defeated in battle, but they were creatures of the twelfth century, not of our own times. As I read of her, I found myself asking how long she would have continued so good, had the Misses Leaf moved out to Illinois.

The dependence of the working class on the class above them in England, is one reason of their having such good servants. Generation follows generation of masters, and the same of servants, and both seem to consider it right, while here the servants of the last generation are the bosses of this. Many of the rich men of Illinois are those who came here twenty or thirty years ago, and hired out; they were hirelings before they came, and used to roughing it, just the foundation that was needed for a new colony; and now it is their

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turn to hire the sons of their old bosses, who too came out penniless to commence life for themselves.

If I may once more allude to Miss Mulock's story by way of illustration, I would say that Hilary Leaf, beautiful as she is in character, would be thought a trifle too patronizing for a Western mistress; servant is a word that one must never apply to a hired girl here, and indeed there is such a mixing up of the hirers and the hired that girls do not lose caste here by hiring out as they do in the older states. The oldest girl in the family wants to earn a ten dollar cloak of the new fashion, or a twenty dollar broche shawl, or a new silk dress, and she turns seamstress, and sews for those who are not half so well off as her own father. Another young girl wants to attend the Seminary during the winter, and she hires out to do housework all summer, and saves the means; while exceptions there are, as poor as poverty, who suffer all its stings, and yet refuse to do anything but teach school, though they cannot get employment half the time. I have more than once known the employer's sons to propose for and be refused by the hired girl; and very often a young girl works for a woman

to whose brother or brother-in-law she is engaged, and for the woman to be gracious to or patronize the girl in such case, would be simply ridiculous.

At first when I came West, I felt amused to see the hired man marry his master's daughter, and the once hired girl ride past her old mistress in a buggy finer than she had ever owned; but after awhile I got better acquainted with Western customs, and ceased to criticise such things, for I knew not whose feelings I might hurt. Some of the bon ton, whom I had been so proud to get acquainted with, whose carriages I had felt so honored to ride in, it leaked out after awhile were once hired girls. Oh, ye Mrs. Lowes of the East, you who would not dine at the table with a young seamstress, think of this—of Western professional men—of Western capitalists being married to hired girls, who now sit as gracefully at the head of their tables as ever you sat at yours, and whose husbands are rich enough to buy out all the Lowes that ever "lowed" in the East—ay, and whose sons and daughters flirt proudly with your sons and daughters in Eastern colleges and seminaries.

MARION.

CARROLL CO., ILLINOIS.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER!"

"She's left with those three children without a dollar in the world—poor woman! She knew very little about business, and this brother-in-law deceived her with false representations, and persuaded her into endorsing for him; and then he invested the capital in some wild speculations which had just turned his brain. Of course the whole thing failed; and now the pretty little fortune her husband left her is all gone, and she's got to go to teaching school to support, as she can, herself and children. I'm sorry for her."

This brief, pitiful, domestic history of one of her neighbors was poured into the ear of Mrs. John Morgan, one morning when she was calling on a friend. One would have supposed it must have stirred all the womanly sympathies of her nature; that keen pain for the deceived, wronged widow, and pity for her fatherless children, would have struggled for mastery in her thoughts.

Nothing of the kind, oh reader! The lady loosened her fur cape, for the room had that dead, dry, intense furnace temperature with which American housekeepers seem to aim at ruining their own health, at enervating and wilting the young forces of their children's lives, and producing, if possible, a stock more puny, more nervous, more lacking in all muscular vigor and physical stamina than the present generation of American men and women!

"I shouldn't have expected anything else if I had acted as she has done," answered Mrs. John Morgan, in cold, disapproving tones. "She ought to have known better!"

Now it is, at the least, very uncertain whether Mrs. John Morgan would have acted a particle more wisely had she been placed in just the position and circumstances of her neighbor. One had not a particle more of business faculty than the other—not a particle more of knowledge or experience in the management of business affairs. Mrs. John Morgan had a husband who knew how to make money, as she did to spend it. Here was the difference betwixt the lot of the two women. But if the matter had been otherwise, and her neighbor had really been in great fault, the lack of sympathy, the uncharity of this remark would have still stood in all its force against the soul of Mrs. John Morgan!

Her neighbor might have failed in judgment—in discretion in this matter; she had been deceived, allured, persuaded into this sacrifice of her property, by a man stronger, shrewder than herself, and who had appealed to her pride, her affections, to her weaknesses, and her virtues, in a thousand ways to gain over her better judgment to his plans; and surely for this failure of head, or fault of heart, the woman and the mother was to pay dearly enough; and should only have received from all who knew her the sympathy and the tenderness

which her misfortunes deserved, instead of that cruel condemnation, "She ought to have known better!"

Oh, the uncharity, the hardness, the pitilessness of the world—of us all—who are constantly slipping and falling, going to the left hand when we ought to go to the right, shutting our eyes when we should keep them wide open, erring in judgment, sinful in heart, and yet pronouncing on the conduct of others, our cold and heartless verdicts of condemnation.

"She ought to have known better than to have married him!" says one woman speaking of another, who, after wearing out many slow years of martyrdom, worse than death, with a man using the power and the authority which his manhood gave him over her for abuse; has been compelled for the sake of personal safety to leave him, broken in heart, crushed in spirit and in body, as a man can crush the woman who in love and trust gives what is more than her life into his keeping.

How ought she to have known better? She was a young, loving-hearted, trusting girl! Perhaps she had never had father or brothers to tell her of the evil side of human nature; she believed that all men were what they seemed, and this man had a flattering tongue, and a fascinating manner. He had deceived men, experienced, shrewd to penetrate disguises, versed in the knowledge of human nature—was it strange that he did this one weak, loving, inexperienced girl-woman!

Moreover, he is not now the man that he was when she married him. Ten, fifteen, twenty years have developed the evil forces of his nature, and that thing from whose bare suggestion he would then have shrunk with indignant scorn, saying like Israel—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"—that very thing he does now with all his might.

"Oh, but his wife ought to have known better?"

Dear reader, you can supply numberless illustrations of the harsh, unjust, cruel judgment which men and women pass upon each other.

You, and I, and everybody else are daily doing things or leaving them undone, when we ought to "know better," and if the judgment, to which all these things go, were not more tender, more pitiful, more long-suffering than man's, where were all we?

Afar off—afar up the long, long path of nearly two thousand years, among the crowned olive hills and the pleasant villages of Judea, there walked One among men, and yet not like unto them. One who, when the mistaken, the weak, the erring, the sinful went to Him for help, for sympathy, for forgiveness, never turned them away—never said of one of these—"He ought to have known better," but instead, when the last mortal agony was upon Him, prayed for his murderers that divine prayer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

V. P. Y.

EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN.

Too late for proper notice in this month's number, we have received a work of more than usual importance, entitled, "The Employments of Women: A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By Virginia Penney." It is from the publishing house of Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and makes a volume of five hundred pages. The first impression made by this book is surprise at the large number of employments in which women are already engaged; the next is admiration of the perseverance and labor of the author. In her clear, earnest preface, which shows a thoroughly practical mind, she says:—"As a friend of my sex, I have made investigations, and obtained statistics that show the business position of women at present in the United States. I present such employments as have been, are, or may be pursued by them, and give what information I can obtain of each one. I may have omitted a few, and there may be some that are not yet recognized as a distinct business. I have made the study a speciality for three years, and spent an almost incredible amount of labor and money in doing so. I have visited factories, workshops, offices and stores, for the purpose of seeing women at their vocations. I have gone through wind and snow, cold and rain. Much of the information I give is impartial, as it has been given by those with whom I talked in a casual way, they not knowing I had any object in view; and frequently it was done in a respectful, off-hand way, when making purchases."

The extent and value of the information thus obtained, may be inferred, when we say, that the various branches of business given, in which women are now, or may be employed, exceed five hundred! The service rendered to her sex, and through them to society, in this publication, are beyond estimate. We purpose, in our next number, to speak again of this volume, and to give some extracts, in order that its scope and use may be more clearly understood.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

The "Water-Cure Journal," so long published by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, of New York City, has passed into the hands of its able editor, Dr. R. T. Trall, who is proprietor as well as editor. The title of the publication now is—"The Herald of Health, and Water Cure Journal." It is devoted to the cure "of all forms of disease without drug-medicines, the preservation of health, bodily development, physiology, and the laws of life," and is issued monthly at one dollar a year. Address, R. T. Trall, M. D., 15 Lighthouse St., New York.

PREMIUMS.—We ask a little further patience in regard to premiums. In a week or two, we hope to get them all off. The demand has been large, and we have found it impossible to obtain them fast enough.



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PHRE.

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THE 37th, COMMENCES

JANUARY 1, 1863,

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